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Screenland

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Dana Wynter
her man!

Elia Graham's
Hollywood
down



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TAYLOR

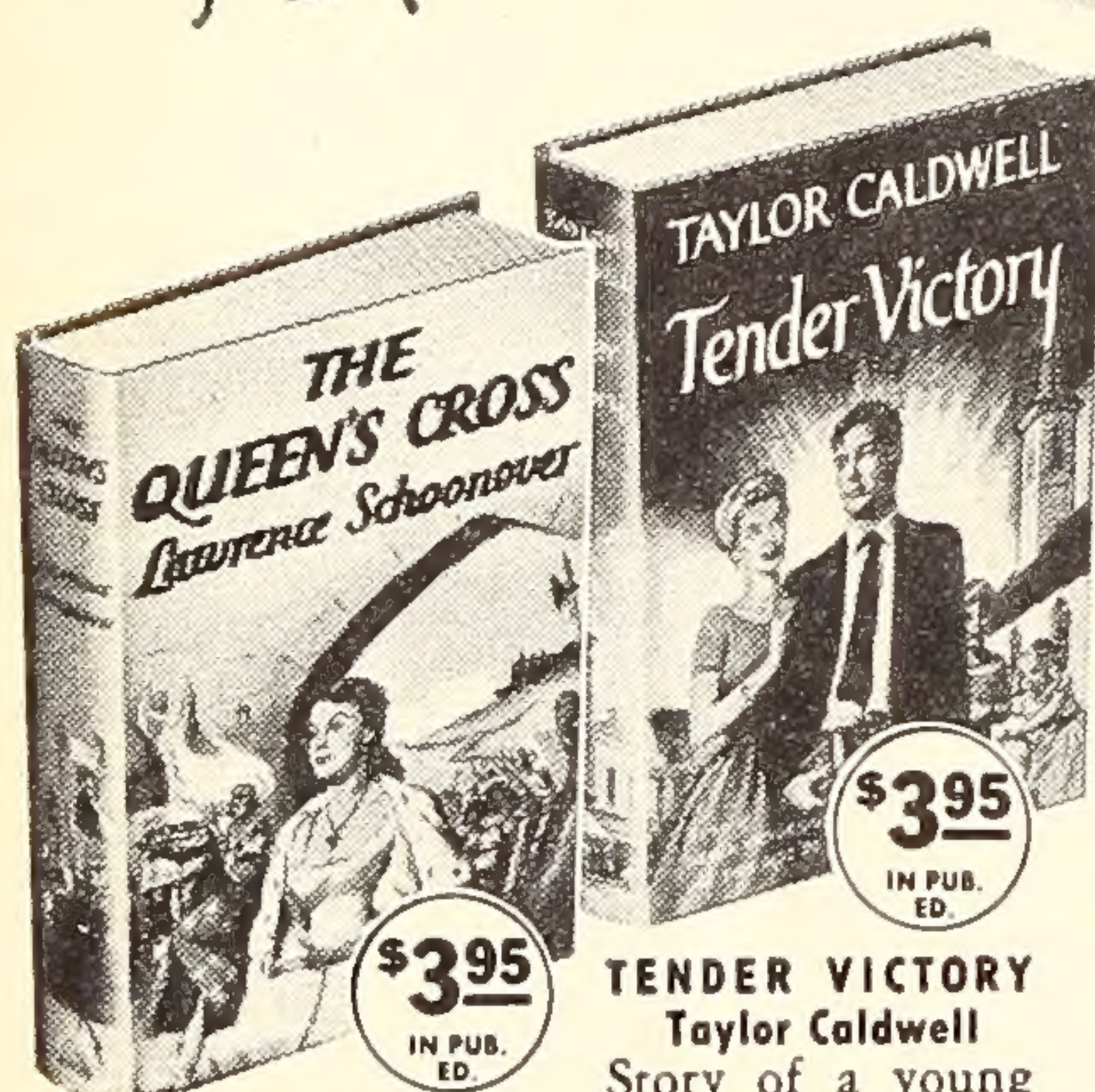
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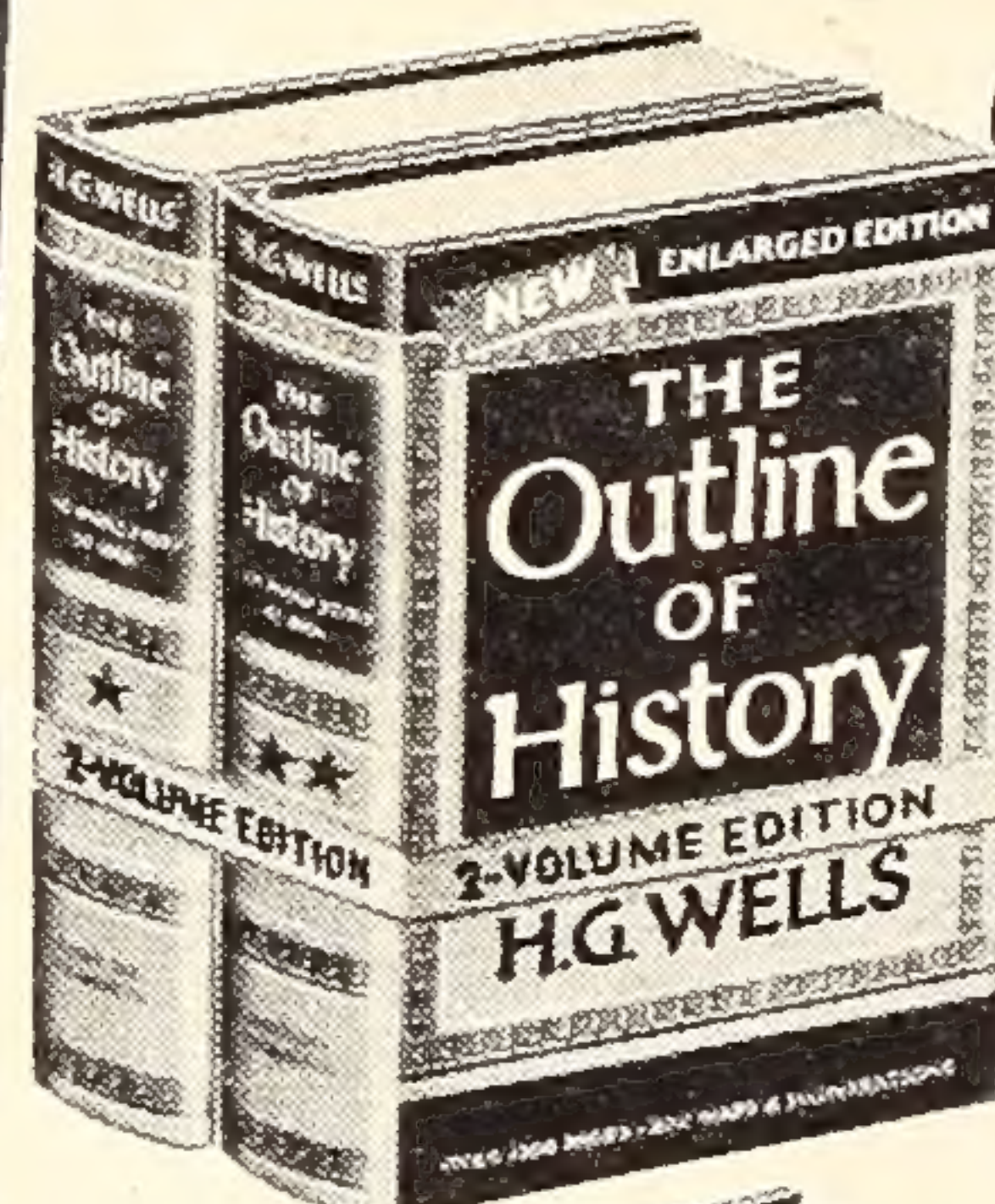
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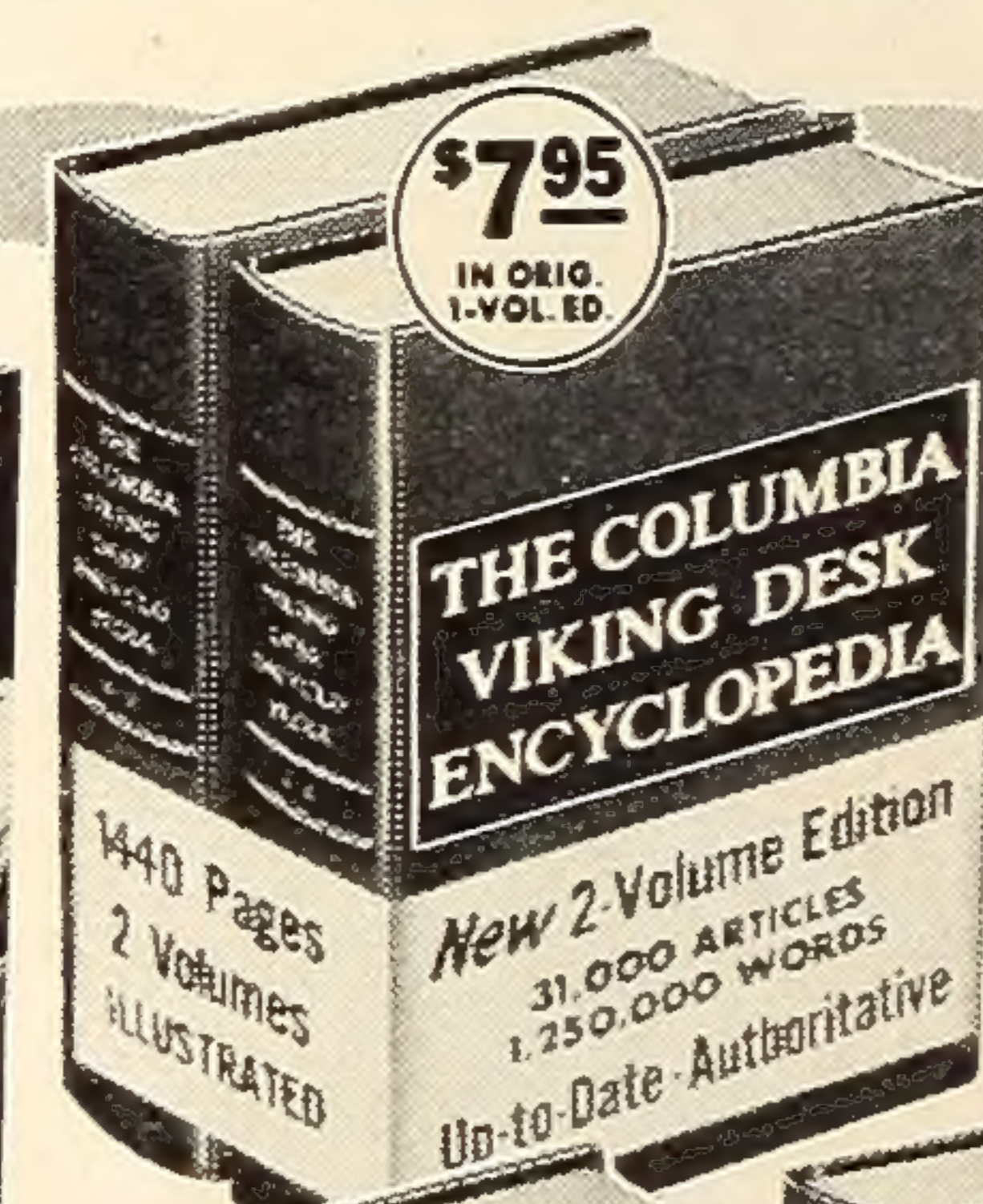
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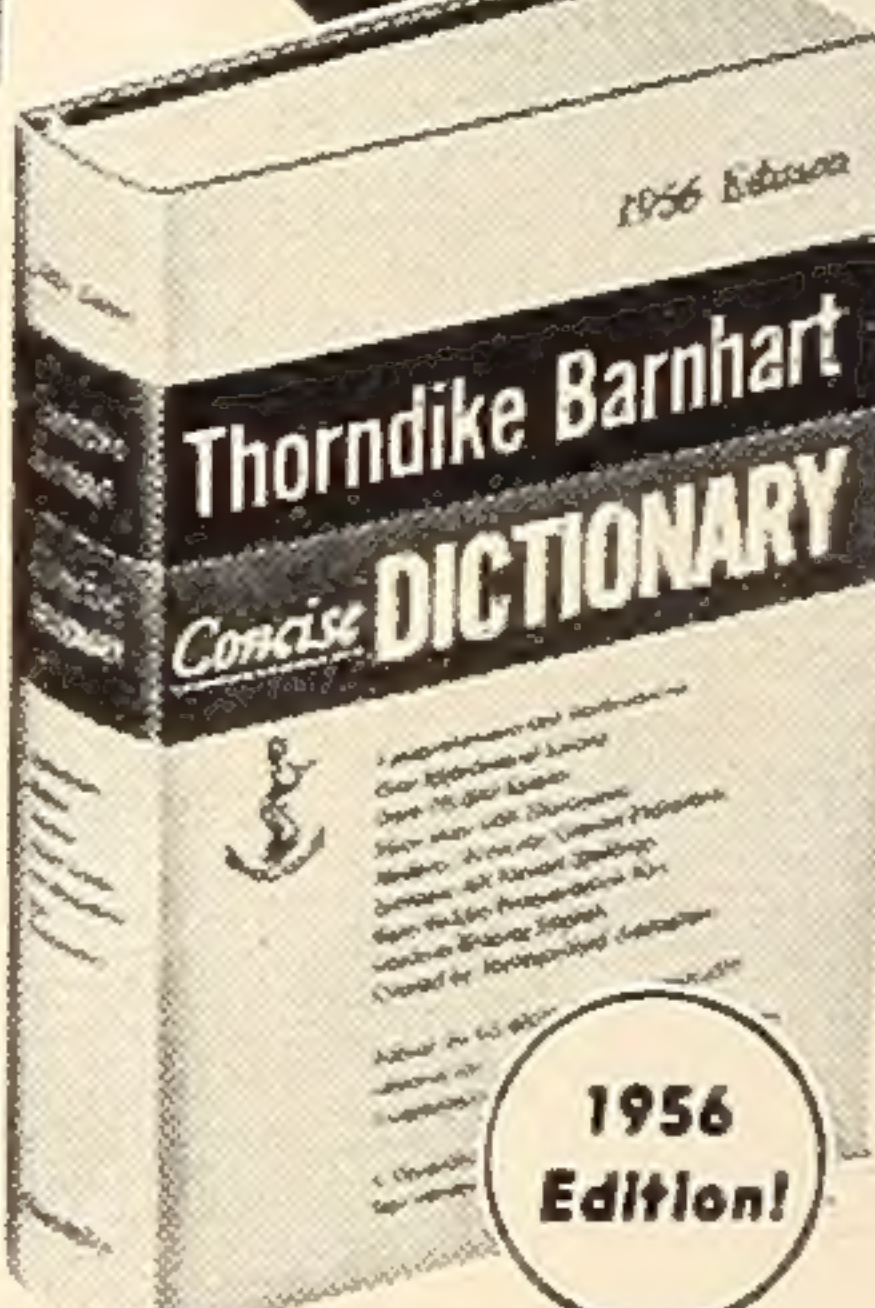


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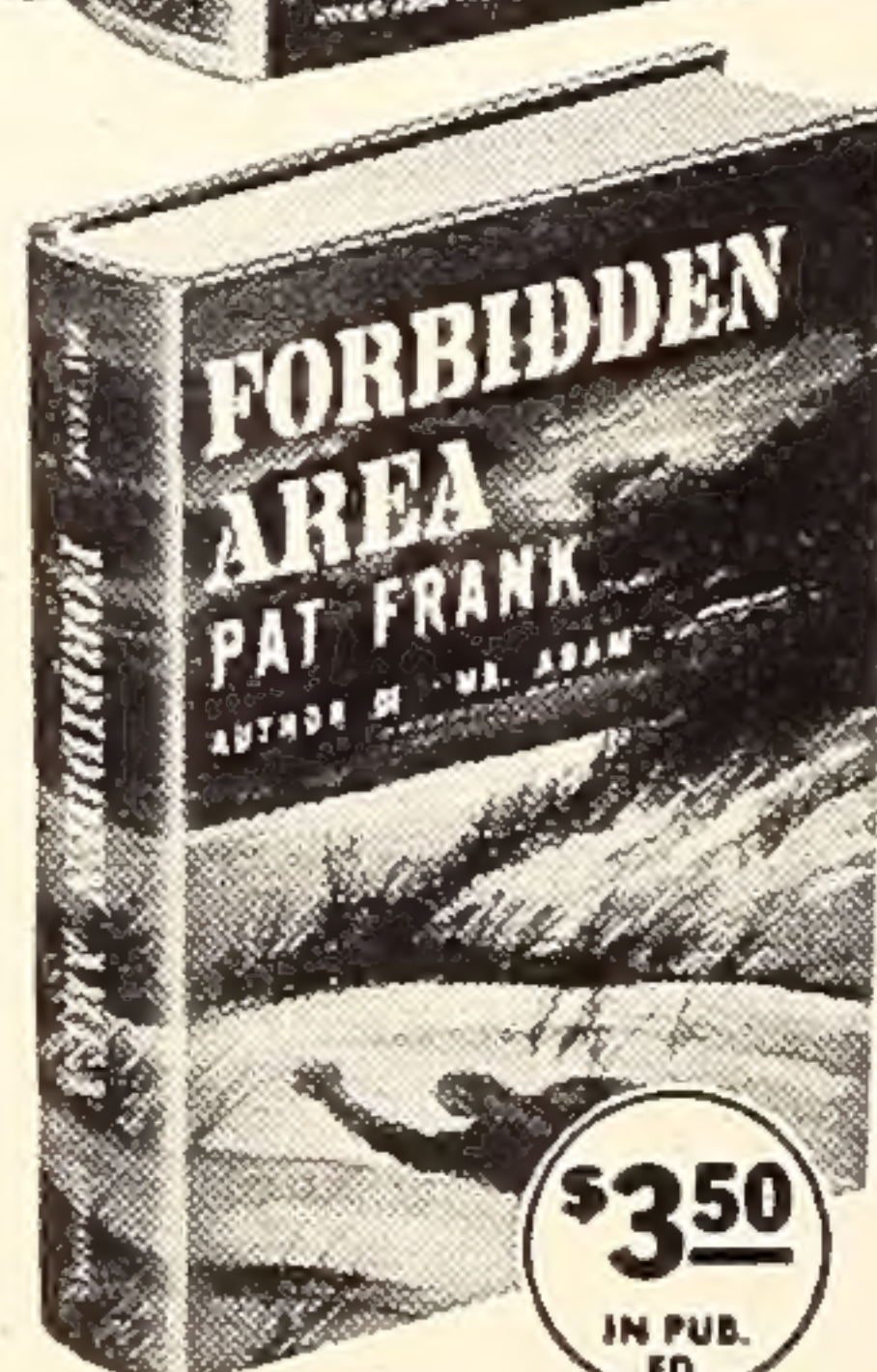
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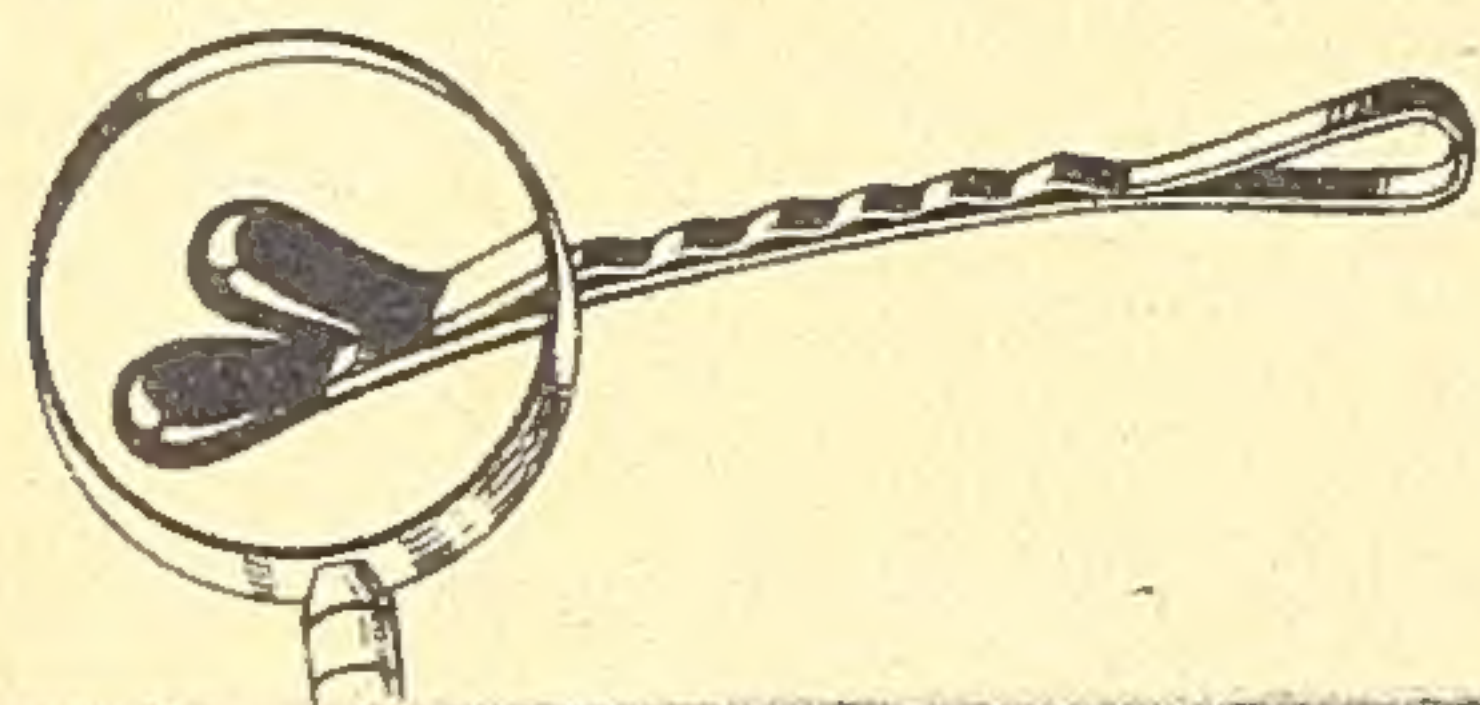


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November, 1955

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ON THE COVER: ELIZABETH TAYLOR, STARRING IN WARNER BROS. "GIANT" AND MGM'S "RAINTREE COUNTY"

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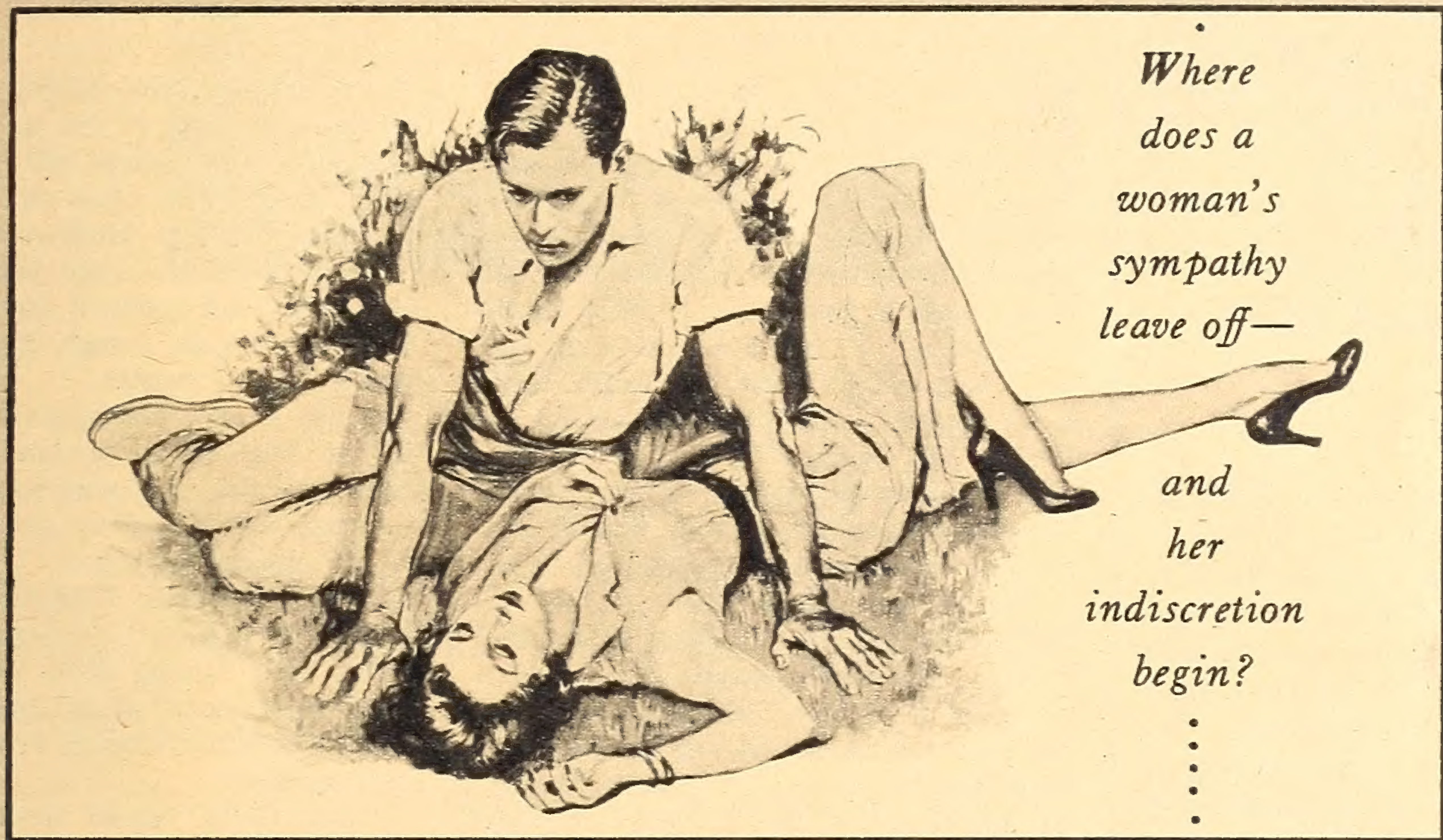
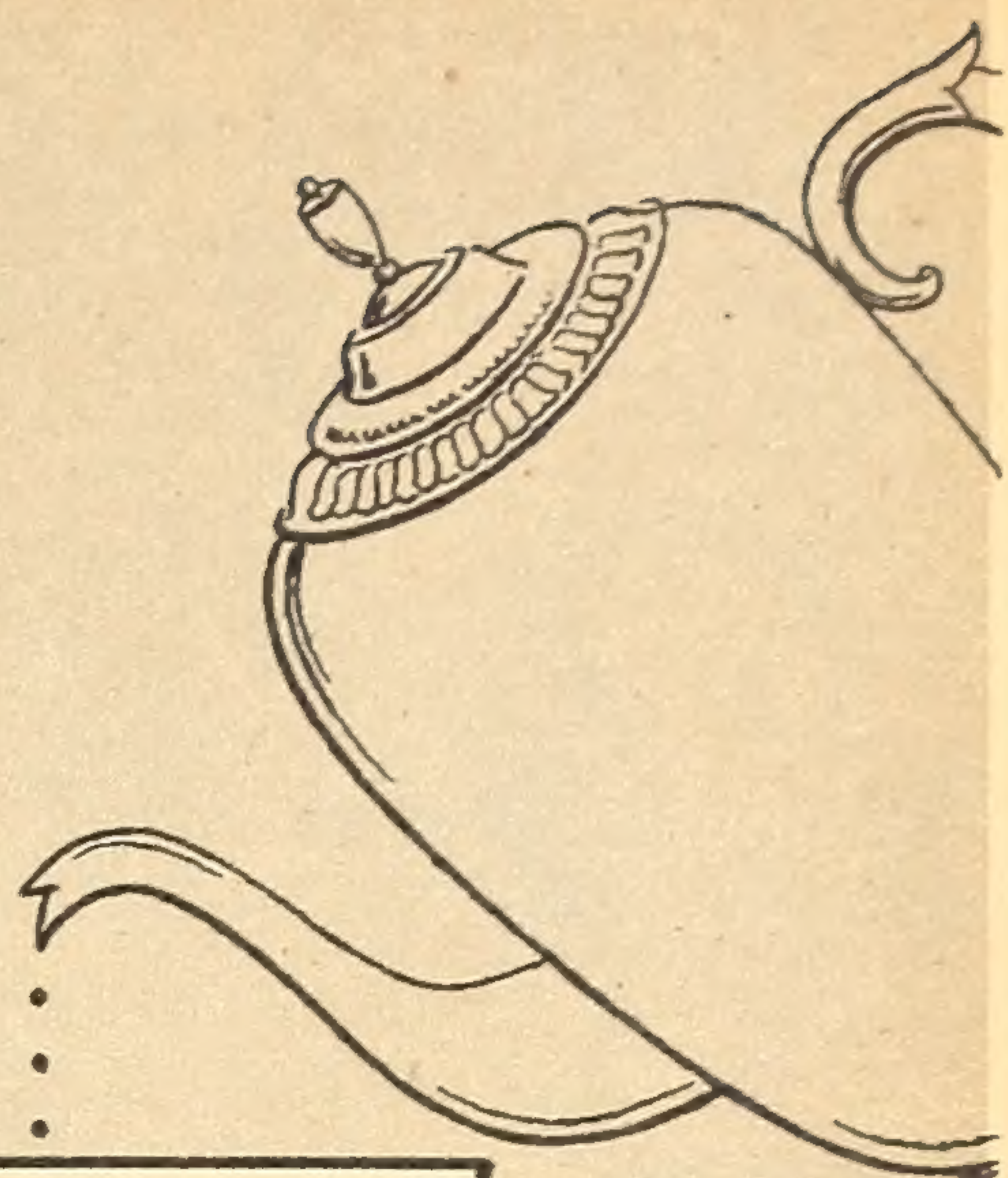
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*Where
does a
woman's
sympathy
leave off—*

*and
her
indiscretion
begin?*



"Years from now," Laura was saying softly, "when you talk about this—and you will—be kind..."



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straight from the famed stage hit
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*Invented by a doctor —
now used by millions of women*

Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN



HELLO again, and I'm back with more news from Hollywood, London, and points North, East, West and South. . . . Anita Ekberg had the British press pouting because of her "no talking" sign during her stay with husband Anthony Steel in London. . . . Ditto Charlie Chaplin. . . . But everyone loved the new, very chatty Rita Hayworth, who looks gorgeous with her hair back to its famous red shade. . . . I've never seen Ava Gardner so furious as after those "Rubirosa marriage" reports. She wanted to swat the columnist who started them.

The Robert Stacks' baby is due on Bob's birthday—Jan. 13. Wife Rosemarie smiles: "We didn't exactly plan it that way, but it is nice." She adds that she has no intention of keeping up with her once-budding career. . . . John Wayne has arranged for his son Pat's salary of \$5000 per picture to be paid to Pat at the rate of \$100 per week, and he sees to it that Pat banks \$75 of it every seven days. . . . When Anna Magnani was asked recently as to what she thought of Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren and other

busty beauties, she replied caustically: "They're all right if you like milk."

By the way, Sophia will beat Gina the United States after all. She's slated to make her first Hollywood film with Alan Ladd late this year. It's titled "The Deep Six," and Sophia'll play a secretary. You can be sure, though, she won't wear white-collared dresses. . . . Meanwhile Anthony Quinn, who appeared with Gina in the Paris-made version of "Hunchback Of Paris," is trying to persuade her to make her Broadway debut with him in the musical version of "Pepe Le Moko," the character Charles Boyer portrayed in "Algiers." . . . Susan Hayward, who's been turning down more pictures than she's been doing lately, answers those who want to know why with: "I only money!"

Clark Gable turned down a \$75,000 offer for magazine rights to his life story. His reason: "I believe that to take that kind of money you have to tell everything—you have to let out all the stories and empty all the closets—and I'll never do that. There are things I don't want

continued on page



EXCITED Jane Russell shows Errol Flynn her new bracelet, gift of hubby Bob Waterfield.



ON THE stork's list for January are Lana Turner and Lex Barker, dining at Mocambo.

"THE BAD SEED" IS THE BIG SHOCKER!



A hidden
shame
out in
the open
--and the most
terrifying
rock-bottom
a woman
ever hit
for love!

This very sensational picture asks the very
sensational question:

"how does a girl get this bad?"

Talk all you want
about the man
and the woman--
BUT PLEASE DON'T
TELL ABOUT
THE GIRL!



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NANCY KELLY • AND INTRODUCING PATTY McCORMACK • WITH HENRY JONES • EVELYN VARDEN • A MERVYN LEROY PRODUCTION • Directed by MERVYN LEROY

Screen Play by JOHN LEE MAHIN • Based upon the play 'The Bad Seed' by MAXWELL ANDERSON and the novel by WILLIAM MARCH • MUSIC BY ALEX NORTH • A WARNER BROS. Picture



HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

to reveal or even mention—not even if I needed the money.” And let me add, the King is in a solid financial position. . . . Lori Nelson emphatically denies that she’ll ever marry Tab Hunter—“we’re only friends” . . . but Piper Laurie has resumed her romantics with Gene Nelson, much to the dismay of her mother, who doesn’t approve at all, at all, at all.

If and when Marlon Brando marries, I’m betting on Rita Moreno. . . . When Prince Rainier and his Grace fly, they must take separate planes, according to the royal rules—that’s in case anything happens, Monaco will have a ruler. And it now seems certain when they re-visit Hollywood they’ll boat it, just so they can be together all the way. It’s definite that the former Miss Kelly has abandoned her career. She told her agents to inform MGM she won’t be available for pictures. . . . Jane Russell gets \$200,000 a picture, which, as she says, “is why I don’t make any for my own company. It can’t afford me.” Recently, when she was asked her measurements, Jane replied: “If you want measurements, go ask Jayne Mansfield. She doesn’t mind giving hers. I do.” . . . Prediction: Tony Perkins will be the hottest personality in pictures by next year. Paramount, where he’s under contract, is hailing him as a combination “Marlon Brando and Jimmy Dean.” Maybe that’s *too* much, but I agree he’s awfully good—and off-beat enough to make for plenty of copy.

Jean Simmons wants to do “South Pacific” when it’s made into a movie—but so do several others, including Doris Day and Judy Garland. Incidentally, Rossano Brazzi is definite for the male lead in the role Ezio Pinza created on Broadway. . . . Joan Crawford and husband Al Steele will spend Christmas in South America instead of in Switzerland. “I like the Alps,” says Joan, “but Al likes the Latin countries, so that’s where we’ll go. I’m a very dutiful wife.” Joan is deter-



EVENING out is enjoyed to the fullest by Laraine Day and her husband, Leo Durocher.



BEFORE leaving for a long stay in New York, Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas attend a banquet.

mined that this marriage will work out.

I understand Stewart Granger’s ranch in New Mexico is costing him and wife Jean Simmons a fortune to keep going, and a friend who should know told me they will go broke if they don’t sell soon. As he put it: “What does Granger know about ranching for a profit? He’s an Englishman!” . . . Julie London is the hottest contender for the title role in “The Helen Morgan Story.” . . . Greta Peck is selling the huge home and four acres she received as part of the divorce settlement from Greg. . . . The producers of the New York hit, “Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?” wanted \$125,000 to let Jayne Mansfield depart from her starring role in it so she could start her movie career—but 20th Century-Fox, who has her under contract, decided they could wait a little while longer.

Barbara Rush is more interested in playwright Clifford Odets . . . but her ex, Jeff Hunter, is strictly free-lancing . . . Debra Paget’s latest gimmick for

evening wear: white nylons—with jewelry. . . . Shelley Winters has offers. . . . Broadway plays a year away. She will be back on the board this winter in “The Girls Of Summer,” and next year will do “The Last Resorts.” About marriage plans with handsome Anthony Franciosa she says: “I’m going to be real careful this time and not leap into something too fast. I married once in a hurry and didn’t work out so well.” Which is putting it mildly, if you recall the international fireworks when she divorced Vittorio Gassman. . . . Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron have applied to adopt a baby. Rory has bought himself a 45-foot schooner, and he and Lita hope to take a cruise to Acapulco on it around Christmas time. . . . Frank Sinatra and Gene Cooper are collaborating on an independent film for next year. . . . Sterling Hayden gets \$40,000 a picture and never stops working. . . . Leslie Nielsen, MGM’s new heart-throb, is top choice for the villain role in “Ben Hur.” . . . Dick Haymes and the former Mrs. Gene Mitchell, Jackie Loughery, date exclusively when he’s in town.

Diana Dors, our super-abundant bundle from Britain, had a ready reply when I queried as to whether or not she thought she was worth the \$75,000 RK paid her to star opposite George Gobel in “I Married A Woman.” “What I have to offer is blonde hair, pink lips, a good figure, talent and sex. They’re satisfied with the offer.” I must remember not to put my questions so bluntly. . . . Ann Gardner will be back in Hollywood for the first time in almost five years in December. Her plans include finishing “The Little Hut,” a motor tour through Europe, a visit with her family in North Carolina, then our town. I think they also include a final divorce from Frankie Boy. MGM is re-designing “Designing

continued on page



PERT Patti Lewis spots a friend of hers and Jerry’s in the audience at a gala premiere.



ZACHARY...no fear in him!



CHRIS...he climbed for kisses!



MARIE...she'd wait forever!



SIMONE...she traded men!

THE MOUNTAIN

... to a man she was all challenge and
desire ... there she was like a woman —
waiting to be conquered.

THE MOUNTAIN

... to a woman it was the obstacle
to all love ... the rival whose attractions
and excitements she could
never match!

THE MOUNTAIN

All the scope, the splendor, the
full majesty of the Alps ... as it could
only be captured in

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Co-starring

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Screenplay by **RANALD MACDOUGALL**

Based on the novel by Henri Troyat

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TERRY MOORE,
starring in
"Between
Heaven and
Hell." A 20th
Century-Fox
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with all-around
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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

Woman," the picture Grace Kelly was to have made, to fit Ava's measurements. . . . Phil Silvers is rumored to have dropped \$75,000 at the Las Vegas dice tables, and Vic Damone also parted with a hefty bundle there—and Pier Angeli doesn't like it. . . . Ursula Thiess told me the reason Bob Taylor insists on buying all of her clothes is "because he says I won't spend enough money when I buy them." She also added that "we want another baby so our little Terry (now one year old) won't grow up alone."

Don't ever refer to Marilyn Monroe as a "dumb blonde." Here's the fantastic deal she managed for herself on "The Sleeping Prince." She'll get 75 per cent of the profits and after 10 years will own the negative outright, which means she can then sell it to television for another hefty hunk of dough. She also married a man who can write hit plays for her to star in, something she wants to do very much, AND she owns 51 per cent of MM, Inc. . . . It cost Alan Ladd \$235,000 to buy his way out of his one-picture Paramount commitment. It breaks down this way: He was to receive \$150,000 for doing "Sons Of Katie Elder." Instead, he paid the studio \$135,000 not to do it. But, like Marilyn, Alan's no dope. "I can make twice that much by working for my own company," he explained. . . . Real reason Anna Maria Alberghetti changed her mind about replacing Susan Strasberg in "Diary Of Anne Frank" on Broadway was plain old-fashioned stage fright. . . . Jeanne Crain will play the very sexy Poppaea in the picture of the same name. Jeanne is still determined to sidestep all sweet-girl roles.

The inside story of why Columbia settled Rita Hayworth's contract so amiably is this: The studio executives feel they have a potentially bigger—and younger—femme star in Kim Novak, and since they don't produce a lot of big pictures every year, they don't need both



HOSTS at party for Diana Dors, Donna Reed and Tony Owen have themselves some fun

gals. So Rita leaves after "Pal Joey"—which she'll do, ironically enough, with Kim. . . . Victor Mature's divorce is final October 7, and he emphatically denies any plans to plunge into matrimony again. But he is going to plunge into independent production. (Which star isn't?) His first one, "Cain And Abel," starts in February. . . . Pretty Peggy Connolly, who visited Frank Sinatra frequently when he was making "Pride And Passion" in Spain, claims she has no nuptial plans "because he's still very much married." Which is something we are all inclined to forget.

Ingrid Bergman told me in London she will return to New York for the premier of "Anastasia," but not Hollywood. Twentieth Century-Fox has optioned Ingrid for two more films. Incidentally, her services still come high, \$200,000 for this picture, \$50,000 more than that for the following one.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis continue to leave everyone dangling on the will-they-or-won't-they-bust-up question, with such remarks as "It's good publicity" and "This happens every year"—but a friend of theirs leveled with me and said

continued on page 6



BIG social event is attended by the James Cagneys who rarely go to Hollywood soirees.



SUAVE Italian director Vittorio De Sica regales Marlene Dietrich with his witticism

Which one of these quotes from "Women in the News" WINS YOUR VOTE?



1. MRS. DALE CARNEGIE, author of "Don't Grow Old—Grow Up": "Every woman who is figure-conscious will love the way the new Playtex Girdle flatters her figure—as I do. A Playtex Girdle has the same amazing 'hold-in' power six months later as on the day you bought it."



2. HANNAH TROY, leading American fashion designer: "Playtex is the only girdle I know that's completely invisible under the most revealing clothes—holds in superbly without that 'corseted' look—another big reason why more women wear Playtex than any other girdle in the world!"



3. CAROLYN HUGHES, beautiful fashion model and cover girl: "To me, the most exciting exclusive of the Playtex Living Bra is the elastic criss-cross front. I love the way it dips down deep, gives such stunning separation and uplift. No other bra gives such lovely natural lines."



4. KATHRYN MURRAY, star of TV's Arthur Murray Party: "Dancers need figure control, too, but must have complete freedom of motion. That's why Playtex Girdles are perfect—wonderful 'hold-in' power without a seam or bone, so flexible even a grandmother like me can bend in comfort."



5. FRAN WARREN, popular RKO-Unique recording star: "The Playtex Living Bra is the only bra with an all-elastic frame that never shifts, rides or slides no matter how active you are. The low-anchored elastic back always stays put—won't annoy you by creeping up ever!"



6. MOLLIE PARNIS, brilliant fashion designer: "The Living Bra is the prettiest you can buy—and gives the prettiest curves. Both the nylon-and-marquisette cups lined in cotton, and the all-cotton cups lift and lure, round and raise into that high but natural look women love!"



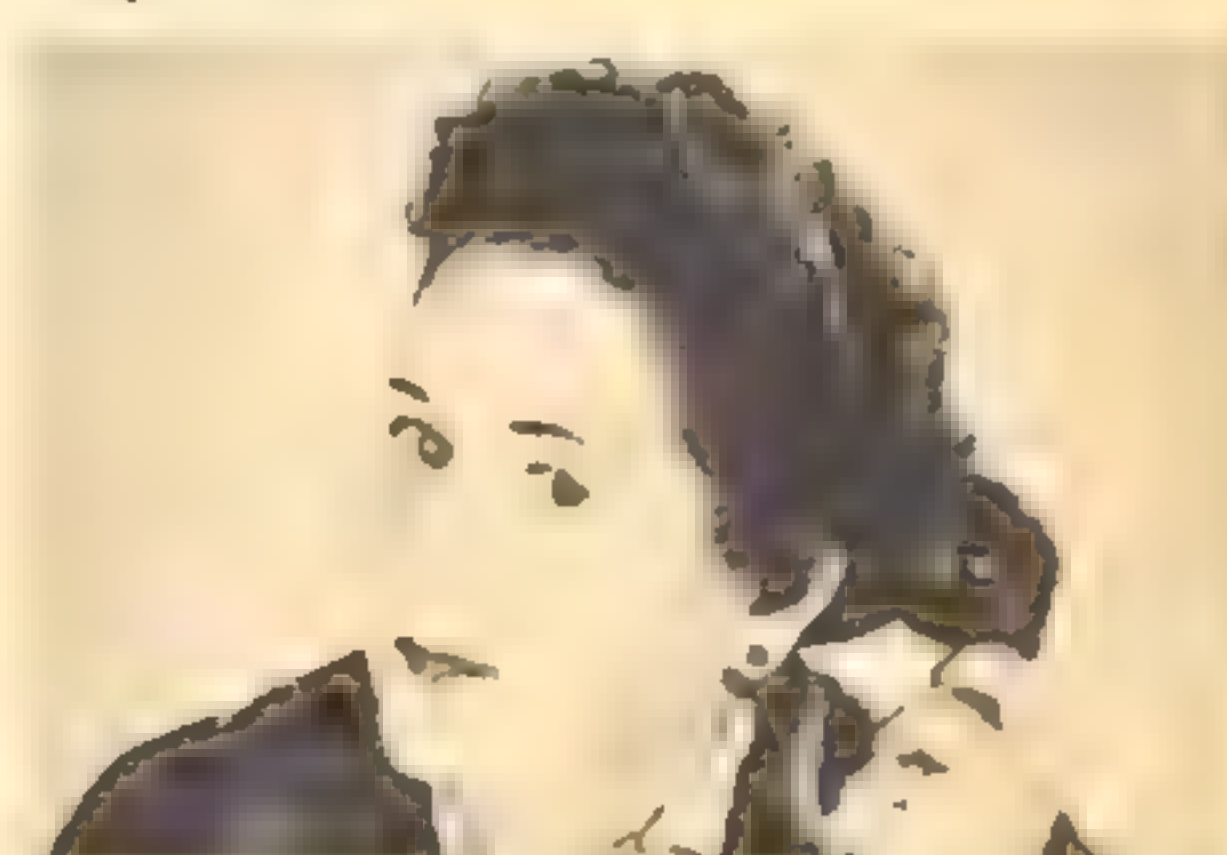
7. JUNE EARING, Champion swimmer and Aquashow star: "No other girdle with such wonderful 'hold-in' power is as flexible, supple, and comfortable as Playtex—because only Playtex is made of Fabricon. It's the only girdle you can ski in, swim in—and look glamorous in when dancing."



8. BETTY KEAN, of the (riotous) Kean Sisters comedy team: "Playtex Lightweight has more 'hold-in' power with less weight than any other girdle I've ever worn—and it costs only \$4.95. Actually gives more support and more comfort than girdles that cost me three times as much."



9. JUSTINE PARKER, lovely star of many TV dramas: "The Playtex Living Bra in Long Line is for me—all the wonderful all-elastic exclusive features plus an elastic 'magic-midriff' that smooths inches away sleekly and surely for the long, lean look of today's fashions."



10. GRACE DOWNS, Dean of Grace Downs Air Career School: "No other bra in the world has bias-cut elastic side panels that self-adjust to your every motion, hold you firmly without cutting. You get heavenly comfort day into night with the Playtex Living Bra. Once you wear it—no other bra will do."

Nothing to Buy! Enter This Exciting PLAYTEX Contest Now! You May Win

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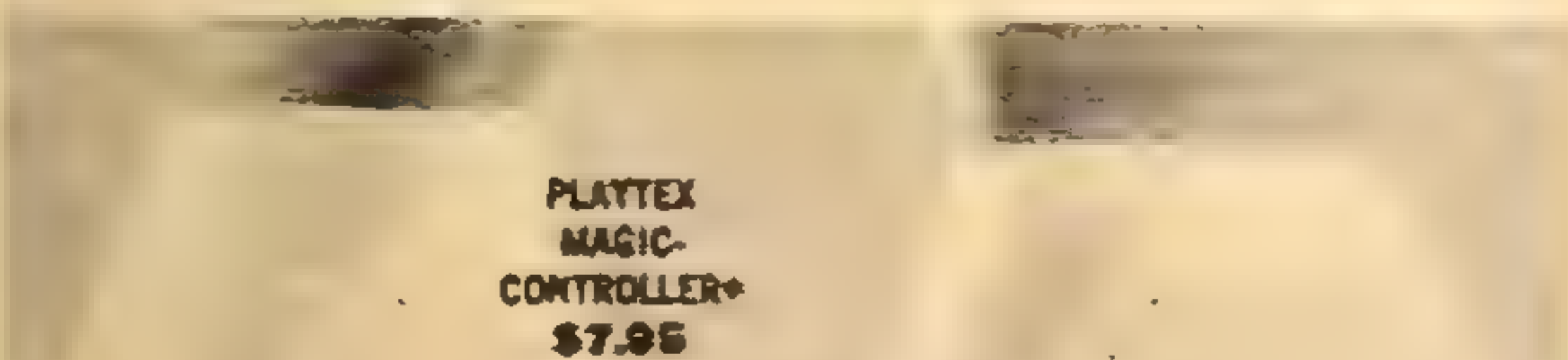
Just Tell Us Which One of the Above Statements Interests You Most!

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PLAYTEX LIVING BRA \$3.95 D-CUP \$4.95

- *Exclusive elastic bias-cut panels and all-elastic back... doesn't shift, slide or ride.
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- *Sculptured cups give high, rounded uplift... a perfect "sweater" silhouette.



PLAYTEX MAGIC-CONTROLLER \$7.95

PLAYTEX LIGHTWEIGHT \$4.95

MADE OF FABRICON, a wonderful new girdle material of downy soft cotton and latex that gives more "hold-in" power with greater comfort. Air conditioned with tiny air dots—and Magic-Controller also has a non-roll top that stays up without a stay.

1,016 PRIZES WORTH \$40,000!

1st PRIZE: \$10,000 CASH

2nd-3rd-4th:

MINK COATS worth \$5,000 each

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MINK STOLES worth \$1,000 each

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(Values stated include 10% federal excise tax.)

Just read what these "Women in the News" say about the features of Playtex® Girdles and Bras. Vote for *one* statement that interests you most about either the Playtex Girdle or Playtex Bra. Simply complete the following phrase in 25 words or less—"I vote for Statement No. —because". Enter as often as you wish. Additional free Official Entry Blanks available at your favorite store. What you write can earn you \$10,000.

OFFICIAL RULES

1. Simply fill out an Official Entry Blank, or write on one side of a plain piece of paper. Send as many entries as you wish, to Playtex, P. O. Box 420, New York 46, New York.
2. Entries must be postmarked no later than Oct. 27, 1956, and must be received by Nov. 5, 1956.
3. Any woman in the United States or its territories is eligible to enter, except officers and employees (and members of their families) of the Int'l. Latex Corp., any of its divisions, or its advertising agencies. This contest is subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations.
4. All entries become the property of International Latex Corp., Playtex Park, Dover, Del., the sponsors of this contest; none will be returned. All entries must be original work of contestants submitted in own names. The contest will be judged by an independent judging organization on the basis of sincerity, originality of thought, and appropriateness to the product. Decisions of the judges will be final. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
5. Winners notified personally or by mail. List of winners available by requesting same and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your entry.

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To: PLAYTEX, P. O. BOX 420, NEW YORK 46, N. Y.

"I vote for statement # _____ because _____ (complete in 25 words or less)

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Name _____

Address _____

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Remember: You may get a Playtex Living® Bra as a prize. Your bra size _____

Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

The Solid Gold Cadillac

IN THIS hilarious lampoon of big business, Judy Holliday scores another comedy triumph as the small stockholder who tosses a powerful business corporation right smack on its fiduciary. Owning ten shares of stock in Paul Douglas' firm, Judy takes her duties as a stockholder very seriously. At the annual meeting, she manages to completely confound and confuse the Board of Directors, as charming a crew of cutthroats as ever grudgingly voted a dividend. With Douglas leaving the company to become a dollar-a-year-man in Washington, D. C., Judy, who has been given a job with the company to shut her up, begins to realize that without Douglas the small stockholders haven't a chance. In true female fashion, she decides to entice Douglas back into the company, but by then, she has dividends other than stock in mind. It's this added little filip that almost loses Douglas his chances at gaining controlling interest in the company again. Then, because of a landslide of proxy votes sent to Judy, the company flourishes once more. Based on the Broadway play, this adds some cinema variations that add a few more jabs to the funnybone in what is the year's best comedy. (Columbia.)



BEST comedy of the year so far, "Solid Gold Cadillac" stars Judy Holliday, Paul Douglas.
12

The Burning Hills

HIS brother killed trying to protect their small ranch, Tab Hunter flares into a one-man vengeance committee. In the process of plugging the leading land grabber, Skip Homeier's pa, Hunter himself is on the receiving end of a nasty bullet wound. Clutching what's left of his side, he makes for the nearest military post in search of help. En route, he collapses practically on Senorita Natalie Wood's doorstep. When Natalie, done up darkly in Warnercolor, black hair and a Spanish accent thick as corn meal mush, discovers Hunter has escaped from Homeier and Co., she hides him in an old abandoned mine. Eventually Homeier, with blue-eyed Indian scout Eduard Franz to point the way, sniffs out the dallying Hunter. The chase is on! Making a fantastically quick recovery, Hunter springs all sorts of tricks, including an Indian ambush, on the "posse." A fair-to-middlin' saga of the Southwest in which the young people spend most of their time looking petulant and troubled. (Warner Bros.)



SENORITA Natalie Wood is friend-in-need to fleeing Tab Hunter in "The Burning Hills"

The Brave One

IT'S a known fact that children and animals naturally gravitate toward one another but few have the deep devotion shared by Michel Ray and an orphaned bull calf, Gitano. Unfortunately, their's shows signs of being a complicated relationship from the very beginning when the ownership of the bull is disputed. Michel manages to win that round. The next jolt comes a few years later. Now a massive animal with unmistakable signs of exceptional courage, Gitano is taken from Michel again. This time to be sold to a bullfight impresario. The day Gitano enters the arena, Michel manages to get a letter from El Presidente de Mexico ordering the bull be returned to the boy. Unfortunately, the order comes too late. Bull and matador Fermin Rivera face each other in the blood-stained ring until presumably one or the other is dead. Both fight gallantly, indeed. However, Americans haven't that streak of barbarism, thank heaven, that's necessary to enjoy watching a brutally tortured animal goaded into killing a human being. In Technicolor and CinemaScope, the bullfight



A BOY (Michel Ray) and his pet bull calf share many heartaches in "The Brave One."

scenes are an exceptional job of photography and should offer excellent material both for anti- and pro-bullfight aficionados. (RKO.)

Tea And Sympathy

IF a girl shows any talent for fixing the kitchen plumbing, chopping wood or breaking ground for a pool, she's considered a lucky catch for some man. However, should a boy, such as prep schooler John Kerr, be able to sew a button on his shirt, sing ballads and steer clear of roughhouse, he's apt to be tabbed "real off-beat." Sympathizing deeply with John's situation, house mother Deborah Kerr tries to fling a buffer of almost maternal protectiveness around the boy. Much as Deborah wants to spare John, her husband, teacher Leif Ericson, quietly goes about helping to destroy the boy's reputation. Known as a "man's man," Ericson

continued on page 71

**THE
JUNGLE
WAS
DANGEROUS
BUT**

**OOH
... THAT EKBERG !**

OF MEN AND WOMEN... lost together, locked together in the Amazon Jungle land of the Jivaro headhunters. Love changes to fear, selfishness to tenderness, passion to pity. A strange and unusual motion picture!

RKO Radio Pictures presents

ROBERT RYAN · ANITA EKBERG · ROD STEIGER

**BACK
FROM ETERNITY**

Co-starring

PHYLLIS KIRK · KEITH ANDES · GENE BARRY with **FRED CLARK · BEULAH BONDI · JESSE WHITE**

Produced and Directed by **JOHN FARROW** · Screen Play by **JONATHAN LATIMER** · Music by **FRANZ WAXMAN**



"I learned this
is no secret—
but a fact of life!"



says Mrs. Catherine Russo who
now uses ZONITE to douche!

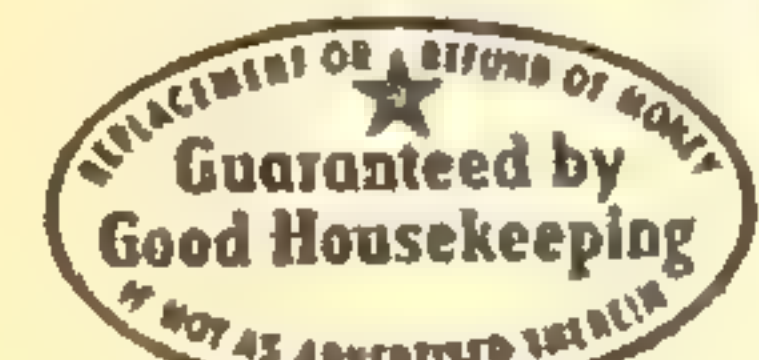
SAFE! Married women, brides, and brides-to-be so often wonder about douching for feminine hygiene. Eventually, they discover—as did Mrs. Russo, that it's an important fact of life to follow the proper method of douching with a fountain syringe, using an effective yet safe solution—like ZONITE.

EFFECTIVE! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerfully effective yet so safe to body tissues as ZONITE.

HEALTHFUL! ZONITE completely deodorizes, promptly washes away germs and odor-causing waste substances. A nurse once advised Mrs. Russo that if any abnormal condition exists, she should see her doctor. She said he would probably recommend that she *continue* to use ZONITE.

DAINTY! You, too, can be one of the modern women who welcome the "peace of mind" and daintiness that ZONITE gives them after monthly periods and other times. You can use ZONITE as directed, as often as needed, without the slightest risk of injury. Costs only pennies per douche.

use
ZONITE
so safe yet
so effective!



Filmland's secret of Beauty

only 35¢
FULL 1/2 LB.

Discovered and developed by
motion-picture make-up experts!
featured at all variety stores

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

NEWS OF NATALIE—No doubt about it, the most popular young femme star in town these days is Natalie Wood; but recently Nat has narrowed her date list down almost exclusively to Scott Marlowe. However, don't hold your breath waiting for Miss Wood to marry or even to limit her dates to just one admirer. She admitted she'd be glad when Nick Adams came back from New York because he's "good for so many laughs." Nick returns for his first starring role, with John Derek, in "Showdown Creek." Incidentally, when Natalie celebrated her 18th birthday recently, she announced firmly that, contrary to reports, she was *not* leaving her parents' home to take an apartment of her own. She's planning on redecorating her very frilly Early American bedroom which had been done in pink, pink, pink—even to the phone—to "weird moderne," with black and red predominating. Real crazy. It's part of her glamour kick.

ANOTHER TONY—Among the male newcomers, Tony Perkins is cutting quite a swath, both professionally and socially. Any of you remember his dad, the late Osgood Perkins, that fine stage and screen actor? Tony is great as Gary Cooper's son in "The Friendly Persuasion" and now has the lead role in "The Jim Piersall Story." Lean, lanky and 24

years old, Tony has definitely joined the ranks of the sought-after young bachelors. His favorite date used to be Elaine Aiken but now he's switched to Norma Moore, the 21-year-old "unknown" from New York TV signed to play opposite him in "T.J.P.S." They met for the first time on the sound stage but are parlaying their reel romance into the real thing. They live within a block of each other, go to and from Paramount studio together—and have dates. Meantime, Elaine has switched her affections to Mark Damon.

TONY, THE FIRST—That other Tony so dear to the hearts of you fans—Curtis by name—gifted wife Janet Leigh with a diamond wrist watch for her birthday. On the back was engraved "From Kelly And Me." Kelly, of course, is the name of their baby daughter. But "Kelly And Me" is the name of a film just made by Tony's studio, U-I, in which Tony did *not* appear. It stars Van Johnson! Janet reports that you fans have been swamping her with gifts for Kelly. Just to keep things in the family, it seems now that Tony and Janet will co-star again in "Jada," to go before cameras around the end of this year.

WEDDING BELLS—Pretty Gloria Noble will undoubtedly be Mrs. Donald O'Connor by the time you read this. She

continued on page 16



BREAK-UP of Elizabeth Taylor's marriage to Mike Wilding came as no great big surprise.



SMILING happily at hubby Al Steele, Joan Crawford shows skeptics how wrong they were.

FREE ART TALENT TEST

Find out—free—whether you have the natural talent for a money-making career in advertising art, illustrating or cartooning. Take this simple Talent Test at home, in your spare time. Test was developed by professional artists, to uncover new talent. Offered without cost or obligation. Mail the coupon today for your Test!



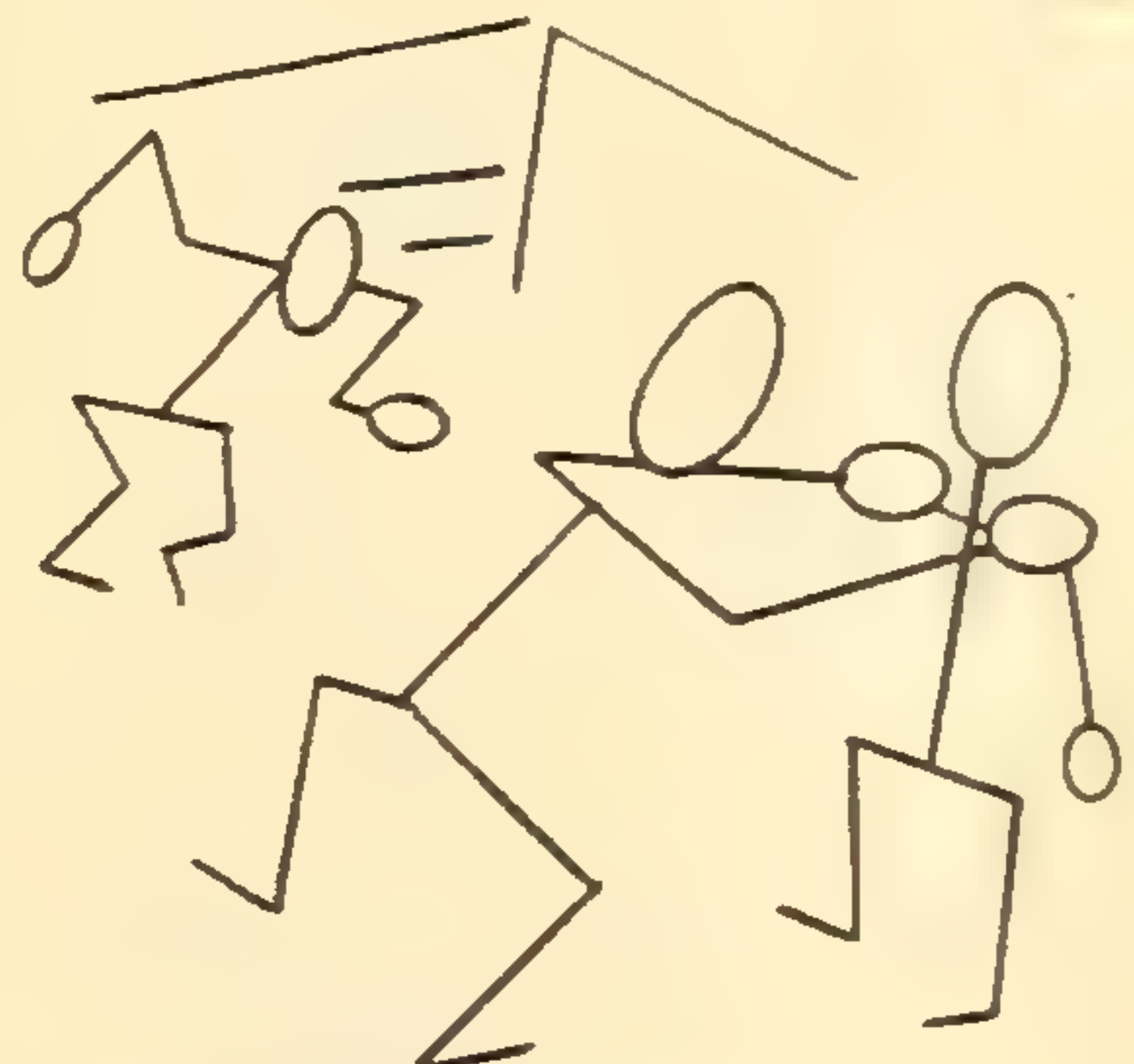
TEST NO.
4
FASHION ART

FASHION ILLUSTRATION is a glamorous, well-paid branch of art. Think of you sketching for smart shops or magazines—perhaps even traveling to see if you have fashion centers in America and abroad! Let's see if you have fashion illustrating talent. Sketch a dress or sports costume on this model. Copy the styles at right if you wish—or create your own costume for her.



CARTOONING is a big and growing field. Let's see if you have talent for it. Below is drawing space for a cartoon, with "stick figures" to help you start your characters, and a "gag line." We gave this same problem to three well-known cartoonists, and they did the sample cartoons at bottom of the page. Now YOU try it. Draw your cartoon at right over the stick figures below. Copy from the drawings below if you wish—or create your own characters.

TEST NO.
5
CARTOONING



I QUIT, BECAUSE HE ATE GARLIC BETWEEN ROUNDS!



Above two pages show you two of the separate tests—you do any five of eight simple tests. Test No. 4 is on *Fashion Art*. You just draw a dress or costume on the model sketched for you. Test No. 5 is on *Cartooning*. Simply draw your own cartoon over the stick figures. Three well-known cartoonists used these same stick figures in the finished cartoons shown.

Art a good field to get into. Openings have increased about 50% in the last five years, says the head of a large employment agency. If you like to draw or sketch in your spare time, find

out now—free—if you have talent worth training. Mail coupon for Talent Test *today!*

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"WRITTEN ON THE WIND"



LAUREN BACALL

...as Lucy,
who married
too soon, loved
too much...and
gave up too easily!

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL
PRESENTS

Written on
the WIND

PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

continued

and Don planned to wed months ago but then "The Buster Keaton Story" started sooner than expected and Don had time for nothing but work, work, work portraying the dead-pan Keaton. It's been the toughest picture Don ever made. Anyway, he's bought a new home in the Hollywood Hills and confided it was "very possible" he and Gloria would say their vows as soon as the picture finished, and take a long honeymoon in Mexico.

MILES AHEAD—Vera Miles is a gal whose box-office stock is doing nothing but soaring; she's signed for one picture after another and now is busy starring opposite Bob Hope in "Beau James." Vera, you know, is married to Gordon "Tarzan" Scott and she's getting a little weary of being called "Tarzan's New Mate." So when a crew member asked her the other day whether she carried or wore some good luck charm given her by Gordon, she answered blandly, "Yeah—an old leopard-skin loin cloth." Sounds like the influence of Rapid Robert Hope, doesn't it? Vera has to dance in this new picture and admits she's "terrified at the prospect," so she's been studying and rehearsing like m-a-a-a-d.

TWINS' TRIBULATIONS—Pier Angeli and twin Marisa Pavan missed celebrating their recent mutual birthday together, only the second time this has happened in their 24 years. Marisa was honeymooning in Europe with groom Jean Pierre Aumont and Pier was busy here doing some TV appearances with husband Vic Damone. Now Pier goes to France to star in "The Vintage" and Vic must stay here for TV. And Marisa is in Hollywood making "The Eyes Of Father

Tomasino" with Tony Curtis, while her Jean Pierre must stay in England for a film he's doing there. These four just can't seem to get together, at least not for long! Vic gave Pier the tiniest watch you ever saw as a birthday gift. It was on a bracelet but it's so delicate Pier is afraid it would not take jarring so she's having it mounted on a pin.

BIG HELLO—Rock and Phyllis Hudson thought they could sneak into Rome without any fanfare but they were fooled. Word had gone around Rome that Frank Sinatra was expected on a certain plane and the airport was jammed with crowds of press and fans waiting for Frankie. He wasn't aboard but Rock and Phyllis were, so Fourth Estaters and fans gave all their attention and cheers to Rock who also happens to be popular there. Rock writes that their trip to Italy and Africa is "just the greatest."

'ROUND THE WORLD—Shirley MacLaine is hoping her baby will arrive soon enough so it will be possible for her to accept an invitation to attend the world premiere of "Around The World In 80 Days" in Moscow! Just about half-way round the world from home. Meantime her husband, Steve Parker, will be busy working on a picture in Japan. Will the family be scattered!

HYERS ON DISPLAY—With some time off between pictures and her beau half-way round the world (that would be George Nader, doing "Joe Butterfly" in Japan) Martha Hyer hied herself to New York to brush up on her brush work. Yes, she's sitting in on art classes back there. What's more, two of her oils went on display in a New York art gallery. No one is likely to confuse Martha with Grandma Moses, either.



NEW twosome (and what a handsome couple!)—Linda Darnell and pilot Robbie Robinson



BRIEF reunion was held by Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lew Morrill, but it didn't work out.

a person or in their paintings. But Martha is doing very well with her palette and pigments. Besides, she's so pretty!

DATA ON DATES—Tab Hunter's favorite doll continues to be Jan Chaney, the cute dancer from Long Beach who's getting a toe-hold (pun intentional) in films. . . . Despite lunch dates at the MGM commissary with Leslie Nielsen, Anna Kashfi's favorite dinner partner is Bill Marlon Brando. . . . Ursula Andress and John Derek continue duo-ing, turned up at Disneyland in His and Her outfits.

BABY TALK—Julie Adams and Ray Anthony, still insisting they don't care whether their bambino is a boy or girl, aren't buying any baby things in either blue or pink—all yellow! But it's obvious they would be happy to be pappy of a baby; he's gone in training for fatherhood by becoming an umpire for the Little League down at Malibu.

BIKINI GIRL—Joan Collins caused more than a little excitement down at Echo Rios in Jamaica while making "Seawayfe." In it she's portraying a nun. But the weather was plenty hot and at the end of scenes Joanie would pull off her habit, under which she was wearing a Bikini bathing suit, and dash into the sea to cool off! Native report was that Joan Collins a Bikini looks great. The wolf whistles must have carried all the way to Hollywood, because her best beau, Arthur Loew Jr., plans to visit her in the British West Indies before she leaves.

LET THEM HAVE ART!—Russia's top movie star, Irina Skobseva, said in a recent interview, "The sex appeal—it doesn't count in Russia. It has nothing to do with art!" . . . But here, we still think that ole S.A. The Hollywood Bachelorettes, an organization of young stars and models, voted Gary Cooper top man in a list of "the 10 most datable men in the world" because "he packs more sex into one 'yup' than most men can get into a four-hour filibuster." **END**

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in 5 lovely, iridescent, jewel-tone shades \$1

Sapphire Blue ★ Amber Brown ★ Emerald Green ★ Blue Pearl Grey ★ Turquoise
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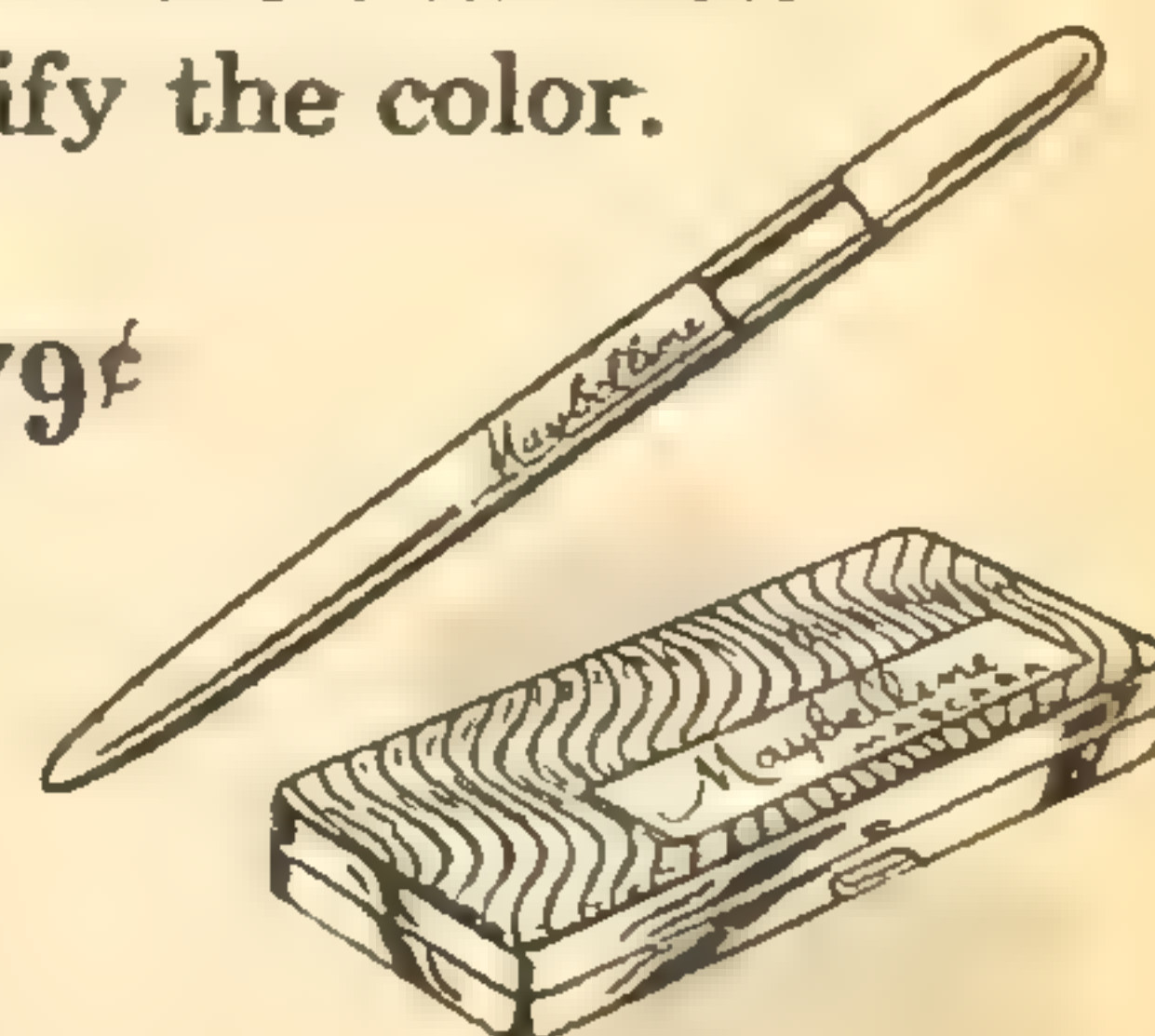
Fashion dictates that your eyes should be your most important feature—and you can bring out the color and clear look of your eyes by giving them a flattering background of eye shadow. It's so easy with the new Maybelline Eye Shadow Stick. The shadow can be the merest whisper, if you so desire—but if you wish a more dramatic effect, especially for evening wear, simply intensify the color.

Maybelline Automatic Eyebrow Pencil

Never needs sharpening—the only spring-locked crayon that can't fall out—gives soft feather-touch. Natural-tone shades: Velvet Black, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Dove Grey or Auburn. Exquisite turquoise and gold-tone case.

39¢ for two long-lasting refills

79¢



Maybelline Solid or Cream Mascara

The finest and smoothest mascara for long, velvety-dark lashes in seconds. Solid Form in gorgeous gold-tone vanity case . . . or Cream Form in smart carry-kit.

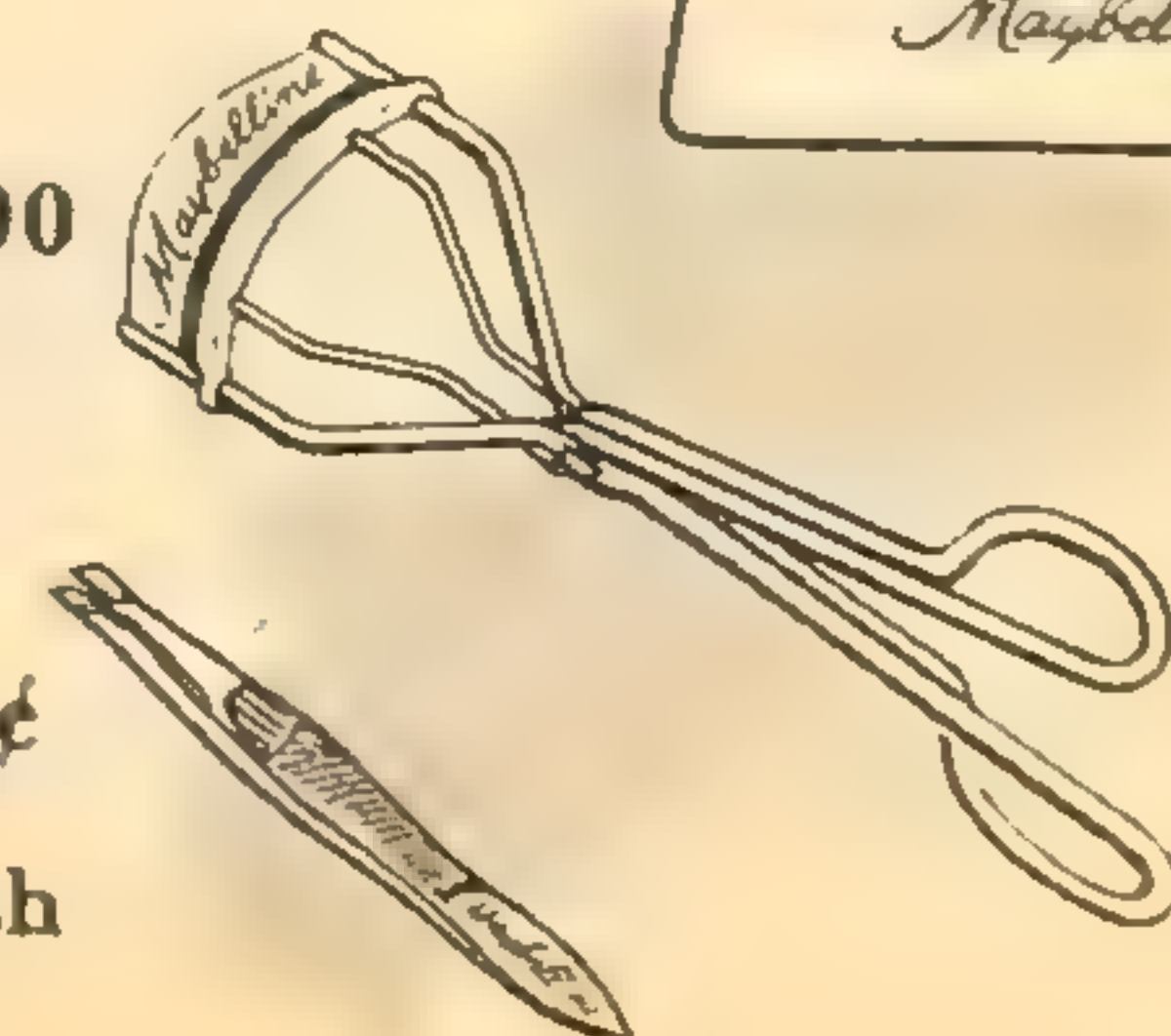
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Special soft-cushion method works gentler, quicker, easier. Gold-tone. It's the finest precision-curler made. Cushion Refill, only 10¢.

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Maybelline Precision Eyebrow Tweezers 29¢

Tweeze with ease—these silvery tweezers are designed with the "grip that can't slip." Straight or slant-edge.

Choice of smart women the world over



A SORT of brunette Grace Kelly, there's an indefinable aura of class about Dana Wynter that intrigued Greg the moment he first saw her.

She wouldn't give him her number, or

HOW DANA GOT HER MAN

A brushoff wasn't what much pursued Greg Bautzer expected, but it proved more potent than all the wiles of filmdom's famed beauties

By DORA ALBERT

“WHAT IN the world does Dana have that we don't have?” is a question many Hollywood glamour queens are asking themselves now that they've recovered from the shock that paralyzed them when a quiet beauty, Dana Wynter, won glittertown's most eligible bachelor, Greg Bautzer.

For years, Greg had been seriously dating one famous woman star after another. Almost every beauty he dated fell in love with him. Each, in turn, believed he would marry her, but not one was able to land him in her tender trap.

When you stop to think of it, it seems strange that for so many glamour girls, Greg has been IT.

He was the great love of Lana Turner's life, when she was America's hottest star, at the golden age of 16. Lana could have had any man in Hollywood at the time, but for three years, she would look at no one but Greg. Then they had a lover's quarrel, and purely on the rebound, Lana rushed into Artie Shaw's arms, and married him.

Before Lana, there was Dorothy Lamour, and after Lana, there was Ginger Rogers. Ginger confidently told her friends that she had met the most wonderful man she'd ever known, and that this time she was sure of her heart. But when Greg discovered that Ginger had set her heart on marriage, he broke off their romance abruptly.

Before she met Alfred Steele, Greg Bautzer was Joan Crawford's greatest love. But when Joan realized that she was just another theatre on the Bautzer circuit, she ended a romance that brought her both happiness and tears.

All her friends thought that Jane Wyman had finally found a safe harbor in Greg's arms. He found her company enchanting, but he never asked her to become Mrs. Bautzer.

No wonder, then, that with such a history behind him, Hollywood never expected a quiet, soft-spoken, cool girl to steal out of left field, to win the man who hadn't succumbed to any other woman's wiles.

Except for Lana Turner and a few others, most of the women in Greg's life were older than Dana (who is only 23), much more sophisticated, worldly-wise, and a bit more artificial.

continued on page 20



MR. AND MRS. Dana won Greg's heart because she was hard to capture. For the first time in his life he had to do the pursuing.



GREAT love of Lana Turner's life when she was the reigning queen of Hollywood, was the charming Greg. They parted after a spat.



BEFORE Lana, there was Dorothy Lamour. Almost every beauty he dated fell in love with Greg but none could get him to the altar.

AFTER Lana, there was Ginger Rogers. When Greg discovered she had set her heart on marriage, he broke off their romance abruptly.



DANA WYNTER *continued*

Nearly all of them were "managing" women. Now there's nothing terribly wrong with a managing woman, if the man is the kind who likes or needs to be managed.

Charming as he is, Greg has the aggressiveness and drive that made him a prized member of a highly successful law firm. Such a man couldn't be happy married to a dominating woman. His determination to run his own life is as much a part of him as the thoughtfulness, consideration and kindness about which his glamour girl friends have raved.

His best "out" with the bevy of beauties who pursued him was that he was not the marrying type.

And then he met Dana Wynter. Now Dana was originally known as "20th Century-Fox's threat to Grace Kelly." She is actually a sort of brunette Grace Kelly. She has the same quality of being a lady which enchanted Hollywood so in the case of Grace. She, too, comes from a fine family; is quiet, shy and reserved. But when you get to know her, the coolness melts, and you find that there's a warm, enchanting girl behind the cool exterior. She is also extremely witty.

At the time Greg first met Dana, he was a legend to her. She had heard all about his reputation as a Casanova and was frankly very wary of him.

It happened about a year ago at a party given by Cobina Wright, famous Hollywood hostess.

Dana is exactly the kind of beauty to entrance a sophisticated man-about-town like Greg, and he fell for her immediately. To his amazement, when he asked for her telephone number, she stalled.

"Some other time," she said, with her enchanting smile.

This in turn seemed to intrigue Greg all the more. He has always liked girls with that indefinable aura of class. And Dana certainly has it.

Put her in any room with a few dozen beauties, all dressed to their teeth in revealing gowns, and Dana, in a simple high-necked black dress, will make them all look as if they had been shopping in the bargain basement of Gimbel's.

COMPLETELY fascinated by this girl—who certainly looked like the woman of his dreams—Greg hinted that no time was as good as that very moment, for giving him her phone number, or making a date.

So she let him have it, smilingly, out of both barrels. "Oh, yes, I forgot," she said. "You're the famous Greg Bautzer. No girl ever refuses you her phone number. You're rich and you're famous and you're successful and you're glamorous. Every girl loses her heart to you."

"I almost forgot that script. But I don't care for it particularly. It's one part I'm not going to play. I'm sorry, Mr. Bautzer, but I think it's the wrong role for me."

She didn't give him her phone number that day, or any other. He had to find it out for himself.

The much pursued Mr. Bautzer found himself on the other end of the hunting game. Possibly for the first time in his life, he had the exciting feeling of being the pursuer, instead of the pursued. A shy man may be flattered by having women chase him. Greg was sick to death of it. It took him four months to get a date with the lovely Dana.

"I thought he was spoiled," she says today. "It shows how wrong a girl can be."

Does it? Or does the remark show how blind love can be?

Dana won Greg's heart because she was so hard to capture. She gave him the thrill of pursuing her instead of the boredom of being pursued.

Greg is a wonderful suitor. Every glamour girl in Holly-

continued on page 23

What has Dana got that Greg couldn't find in other glamour girls?



LIKE all her predecessors, Dana's beautiful, exciting and talented, but it was her more subtle qualities that made Greg want to marry her.

DANA WYNTER continued

In spite of her happiness in marriage, Dana



UNTIL Greg assured her that making a few pictures a year wouldn't hurt their marriage, Dana was all for giving up her promising career.

felt a wistful tug for the career she believed she was abandoning

wood will admit that. It's not merely because he's handsome, cuts a fine figure, and is a successful lawyer. Greg has also discovered the best way to a woman's heart.

When he knew that Dana was going to Africa, 14,000 miles away, to get her parents' blessing on their forthcoming marriage, he found out exactly what her route would be. Then to every stopping point, he sent Dana two dozen red roses. He also phoned, wherever the plane stopped.

Also very significantly, when Dana arrived back in the U. S. from Africa, he hired a three-piece orchestra to meet her at the airport, and to play their favorite song, "I've Grown Accustomed To Your Face."

When she was working in the picture, "D-Day, The Sixth Of June," he sent a huge bouquet of roses—and tucked in the middle of them, a cute puppy. Before he ordered that puppy, he found out exactly what kind of puppies Dana likes.

What more could any woman in love want? No wonder Dana is floating on Cloud 7. She is completely enchanted with Greg. But will the qualities that made him such a wonderful suitor make him a great husband?

No wife of Greg's will ever have to worry about making last year's clothes do. And it took strength of character to resist all those women's wiles used on him for years to bring him close to the marriage altar. In spite of his two earlier marriage mistakes, Greg reached emotional maturity, which enabled him to judge the qualities he needed in a woman.

As for tenderness, he has obviously learned how to mix sentiment with strength. No woman could complain on that.

The biggest problem is whether or not Greg will give his wife the companionship she needs. Men as successful as Greg sometimes devote too much time to their work, too little to their wives. But Greg has never been a one-sided person. He is as interested in swimming, golf and other outdoor sports as his beautiful wife. And he has always realized that no life is complete that is dedicated to the pursuit of money.

Is he the type of man who is more interested in the chase than in the achievement of marriage?

Only men who are emotionally insecure, say the psychologists, need to prove over and over again that they can win the love of many women.

Somehow, somewhere early in life, Greg must have felt like a rejected child, or he wouldn't have gone so many times through the very same script—wooing, winning, and leaving women who loved him. It could be that the women involved were completely wrong for him. It's also very possible that neither of the girls he married loved him as devastatingly and completely as the Wynter wonder.

DANA was willing to give up her career after she became Greg's wife. But surprisingly enough, she found that Greg didn't want her to make such a sacrifice. One evening, as she was telling him about something that had happened on the set of a picture, he noticed how happy and animated she looked as she talked.

Greg, whose knowledge of human nature has been sharpened through his many years as a lawyer, realized that Dana really cherished her work. And here she was willing to give it up because she thought he wanted her to.

So they had a frank talk. Out of it came the understanding that Dana could continue to make pictures, when she felt that she had been offered a good role. Greg had no objection to that.

He wants her to be happy, and knowing the Hollywood scene as well as he does, he realizes that Dana can make a couple of pictures a year without hurting their marriage.



HAPPY glow comes to Dana's face as she resumes her film work. She's starring with Rock Hudson in MGM's "Something Of Value."

Soon afterwards, MGM asked Dana to go to Africa to make "Something Of Value." Dana and Greg talked it over. Then Dana told MGM that she would make the picture only if her scenes could be shot in Hollywood. Some of the other members of the cast went to Africa on location, and exciting location shots were filmed, but Dana made her scenes in Hollywood, close to the hearthside and Greg.

A man of discrimination and good taste, Greg's a bit appalled at the legend he's created. Once it was fun, when he was younger, to be known as the man who'd put stars in Lana Turner's eyes, or caused Joan Crawford's heart to flutter.

But he is embarrassed by that kind of publicity now, and eager to settle down. Of course, he is not the kind of person who reaches for his carpet slippers the moment he comes home. Instead, you are very apt to find the distinguished-looking Mr. Bautzer, with his hair graying slightly at the temples, side by side at the swankiest premieres and parties with a radiant Dana.

It will be interesting to see how this marriage works out. Dana obviously believes she is the luckiest girl in Hollywood, and that the bloom will never wear off the rose for her.

A love such as this deserves a love as ardent, as complete, and as overpowering in return. Though Greg has always been expert in his romantic gestures, he has never been hit so hard by love before. Perhaps, because of the warmth of her gentle, patrician personality, Dana will be able to make a success of her marriage to the man in Hollywood whom so many women pursued—and whom only one won. **END**



"HE'S one of the nicest, most informal fellows I've ever met," says Vera Wright, a waitress. And Virginia Leith apparently feels the same way.

BOB WAGNER:

As others see him

**Five people who know him well
pull no punches when they
describe the real Bob Wagner**

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

IT'S DIFFICULT, if not impossible, to interview an actor and get a true picture of what he is like. To find out what other people think of him is a much better way to get to know him. For this reason, I have talked to five people who are associated with Bob Wagner in various capacities.

Each of them took a different, if equally frank, approach when asked what they thought of Bob. Their combined opinions give a more complete, composite picture of Bob than this reporter has been able to get in the past five years.

This is what Vera Wright, a waitress at Armstrong-Schroeder Restaurant in Beverly Hills, has to say about Bob:

"No one at the restaurant ever calls him 'Mr. Wagner.' Usually it's 'Bob,' sometimes we call him 'Lover Boy,' or anything else that comes to our minds. I don't think we could get away with that with many customers!

"Bob is one of the nicest, most informal fellows I've ever met. He also has a good appetite, and is easy to please. Quite often when I ask him what he wants for breakfast, he says, 'Anything, Vera . . .' and leaves it up to me to decide on the menu.

"He is a very talkative person, but pleasantly so. We'll discuss anything from football games to the weather,



FOR ALL his virtues, Bob is not without a fault—he's inclined to be absent-minded. But he's always so apologetic his friends overlook it.

but unless I bring up his career, he never mentions it.

"Typical of Bob is the niceness with which he signs autographs. He seems personally interested in everyone who walks up to the table, and always asks them questions about themselves. He has never been rude to anyone, no matter how much time they took, or how much in a hurry he happened to be.

"I can vouch for his interest in others by my own experience. Almost every day he asks about my children. What's more, he does it in a manner that makes me enjoy talking to him about them, or anything else."

Ernest Tarzia, his tailor, sees more in Bob than just another customer.

"Bob Wagner is a prince of a man, and I'm not just saying it because he sends me a Christmas present every year. In my business a fellow runs across all sorts of people. It's easy to tell what they're like, because they don't consider it necessary to put on an act. They are primarily interested in getting well-fitting clothes.

"I first met Bob about six years ago at 20th Century-Fox when I made the outfits for one of his pictures. Soon after, he came to the shop my partner and I own to get some suits

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PICNICKING with Virginia Leith is the greatest. A romance? Bob's having too much fun being single to be serious with anyone now.



DINNER by candlelight brings a perfect day to a close. Bob's considerateness of others is a trait admired by all who know him.

Being around Bob is never dull;

for himself. It didn't take me long to find out four things: He is easy to fit. He pays his bills promptly. He has a lot of patience when it comes to fittings—and he knows exactly what he wants when he comes in.

"In the past four years I have made more than 50 suits for him, and although Bob has become my best publicist—he has sent me many new customers—I've never been able to talk him into anything he didn't want in the first place!

"Bob is a gentleman, all the way. I can tell by his manners, his bearing, and his true consideration for others.

"I'll never forget the day he came in to order a tuxedo for the gala opening of his picture, 'Prince Valiant.'

"I had always wanted to go to a premiere, but somehow never had the chance. 'How do you go about getting tickets for such an affair?' I asked him.

"'You mean you want to go, Ernie?'

"'I'd like to, very much.'

"Three nights later, my partner and I and our wives were the unexpected guests of Bob at the opening of his picture.

"See why I say he's a prince of a man?"

Edward Dmytryk, director of "Broken Lance" and "The Mountain," predicted a great future for Bob when discussing the young star.

"Bob Wagner has great possibilities as an actor. I base this



OLD FRIENDS, Bob and Virginia yak it up while sunbathing. Bob loves to talk and will discuss anything from football to the weather.

he's always full of ideas on how to get the most pleasure out of life

pinion on my own observations while directing him two years ago in 'Broken Lance' and recently in 'The Mountain.'

"I could see a definite improvement from one picture to the next. In 'Broken Lance,' he was far less sure of himself, which called for more direction on my part than I had to give him when we were making our second film.

PARTICULARLY his voice has developed a great deal. It had a tendency to become high-pitched when he was supposed to get 'excited,' something which happens to most young actors. For that reason, I made him speak more quietly throughout 'Broken Lance.' After the picture was finished, I advised him to work on his voice and suggested that he do a lot of reading out loud—newspapers, books, scripts, letters, anything. Apparently he did, because a tremendous change in his voice, and also in his self-confidence, had taken place by the time we went into 'The Mountain.'

"It's impossible to teach someone to act. All a director can do is get the best performance that's within a person. I feel that Bob did so well, and will do even better in the future, because he was 'believable.' Just how far he will get someday depends on how his personality develops. However, there's little doubt in my mind that he has all the potentialities of a top star in the John Wayne category."

Bill Belasco, a close pal of Bob's own age who's known him a long time, gives a surprisingly different picture of his friend:

"A few weeks ago when I met Bob for breakfast at Armstrong-Schroeder's, he was so sleepy when he walked into the restaurant that I feared he'd run straight into the counter. Somehow he made it to our table, flopped down, and with tremendous effort kept his eyes open, longing for the cup of coffee that would pep him up. The time was seven a.m.

"About 60 seconds later, a beautiful blonde walked into the restaurant. My pal's head flipped around so fast, I thought it would fly right off his shoulders! 'Wow!' he burst out appreciatively, his eyes full of admiration. I've never seen anyone wake up that quickly. The waitresses, who must have seen this reaction before, laughed good-naturedly. Undoubtedly they recognized the wolf in him a long time ago!

"Yet while Bob thoroughly enjoys the company of, or just looking at, beautiful women, I don't think he'll get married for at least another four or five years. Partly because he's having too much fun being single (he may not even admit this to himself), and also because at this stage of his life, his career takes most of his attention. That's why in the past, whenever a 'romance' started getting serious, Bob managed to break it off right away, for the girl's sake as well as for his own.

"Because Bob himself is so sensitive, he is more concerned

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"THE MOUNTAIN": Spencer Tracy and Bob Wagner, portraying brothers, one good, the other evil, battle in climax of Paramount film.

in the John Wayne category"

than most people with the feelings of others. This has developed into the type of considerateness one rarely finds anymore. In all the years I've known him, I have never seen him slight a single person.

"Being around Bob is never dull. He's always full of ideas on how to get the most out of life. Like the Sunday morning his phone call awakened me at six a.m. 'Can you be ready to leave at seven?'

"What for?' I asked sleepily.

"Go to Newport Beach. I want to buy a speedboat . . .'

"It was Sunday, the sun was shining, just the drive down promised to be fun. 'All right, I'll be ready.'

"Actually, Bob had played around with the idea for a couple of years. But it only took a spur of the moment decision for him to really do something about it.

"After looking around all morning he found a sleek, 26-foot craft, and an hour later we were racing toward Catalina. That evening, when we pulled back into the mainland dock, he was as excited about it as a kid with his first Christmas present.

"He would have bought the boat—if his business manager had let him. He didn't.

"By the way, he's fortunate to have such a careful business manager. With his generosity he'd be stone broke, if someone didn't hold him back."

Harry Mines, a unit man on "The Mountain," has grown fond of Bob in spite of some faults of his.

"When you go on location with a fellow for a couple of months, you're bound to get to know him well. I certainly did when I accompanied Bob to Europe for 'The Mountain.'

"During that time, I became a fan of his, just like the young man who came to Chamonix (France) all the way from England, to meet him.

"The moment Bob heard about this fellow, he immediately invited him to the hotel for dinner, and the next morning asked if he wanted to come with us on location—on a rugged ledge about five thousand feet above town.

"His visitor accepted enthusiastically.

"During the three days the fellow stayed with us, Bob included him in all our activities, treated him like a brother.

"Among Bob's traits the one that stood out most to me was his closeness to his family—noticeable even with seven thousand miles between them.

"At first, with mail from home delayed, Bob was quite upset and worried when he didn't hear from them. The change in him when the letters started to arrive was apparent to all of us. And the presents he bought for them before we returned home would have filled Grand Central Station.

I WAS surprised to discover quite a sentimental streak in Bob. When we went to Geneva, he insisted on visiting a certain hotel solely because his parents happened to have stayed there once. We kidded him about it mercilessly.

"Luckily he has a sense of humor, although he vowed. 'I'll never do that again!'

"Like everybody, Bob has his faults, too. Yet the only one I know of that amounts to anything is a certain amount of absent-mindedness, caused by a drive to do too many things at the same time."

"Take the day he called me at the office. 'Can you come over right away? I want to talk over something important.'

"Ten minutes later, I walked into his dressing room. No sooner had I closed the door, when Bob suddenly remembered, 'Have to go upstairs for a sunlamp, Harry. I'll be back in five minutes. Make yourself comfortable . . .'



"A KISS BEFORE DYING": Bob plays a psychopathic killer with a yen for co-eds in the U.A. thriller based upon the best seller.

"When he returned—three-quarters of an hour later—I exclaimed, 'That's the longest five minutes I've ever spent!'

"However, he was so honestly sorry that I couldn't get annoyed at him. I never met anyone who did."

Barbara Darrow, who has known Bob a long time, gives still another insight into the character of this eligible bachelor.

"I'll never forget my first meeting with Bob. I was having lunch at the Beverly Gourmet, about six years ago, when we were introduced through a mutual friend. Bob, by himself that day, came over to our table to join us.

"If you really want to get ahead,' my friend told Bob, 'go to New York. Try to get a good part in a legitimate play . . .'

"Why should I,' R. J. came back, 'when I seem to get along all right here?'

"His straightforward remark showed a determination not to play along with what was then regarded as 'the best way to success—the stage,' because it just wasn't right for him.

"I was very much impressed with Bob's approach and I remember thinking at the time that a person would always know where they stood with him.

"Of course, Bob has matured considerably since we first met, as could be expected. But when I recently made 'The Mountain' with him I became aware of one very important change—he spoke less and listened more."

Barbara, who will herself become a bride in December when she marries Tommy Tannenbaum, son of the Beverly Hills mayor, concludes with, "I feel sure that a fellow like Bob couldn't help making some girl very happy one day." **END**

MARILYN MONROE

Shake, Rattle

As the floozy entertainer in "Bus Stop," Marilyn gyrates in a dance number that is the most



HILDEGARDE was never like this when she sang "That Old Black Magic." Marilyn adds a little magic of her own to the number.

LUSTY attack is Marilyn's approach to the dance. In this scene, cowboy Don Murray spots MM for first time, decides to lasso her.





and
Roll!



EVEN ELVIS Presley seems tame by comparison as Marilyn warms up. "Bus Stop" is MM's first picture since her year-long sojourn in New York.
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IS IT OVER, Marilyn seems to be asking as crewman shouts "Cut!" Exhausted, she plops down in canvas chair for a breather (below).



After her dance, a weary



Marilyn retires to the background to catch her breath, dream a bit



STRAIN of shooting shows on Marilyn who appears lost in reverie. "Bus Stop" is her first bid for recognition as a "serious" actress. **END**

JEFF CHANDLER:

Love that ball and chain!

Behind a curtain of deliberate incommunicado, herewith pierced, Jeff has been making like an honest-to-goodness homebody

By MARK DAYTON

L'AMOUR is busting out all over at the Chandlers these days. Mrs. Chandler, case you didn't know, is the former Marjorie Hoshelle.



OUTSIDE Jeff Chandler's hillside white colonial home in fashionable Westwood all was idyllic. A vagrant breeze swept down from the nearby Pacific and caused a pleasant rustling among the trees. Birds were chirping happily, and there was the sound of an energetic power mower from a neighbor's lawn. There was no hint of the turbulent scene being enacted inside.

Mary, the housekeeper, stormed into the Chandler living room with distress signals flying.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Mr. Chandler," she announced ominously, "but she blew her top again!"

"Not *again!*" Jeff grumbled as he gathered himself up from the couch where he had been comfortably stretched out. A look of resolution crusted his bronzed face, and grim purpose narrowed his usually friendly brown eyes. He swept past the wide-eyed housekeeper, and a moment later he stomped out of his workshop clutching a hammer and a wrench in his hand.

"This time," he said tightly, his curly head of iron hair still mussed from his abruptly interrupted repose, "I'll fix her for good!"

The malevolent vow, to be sure, was not directed at Mrs. Chandler. It was, in fact, another good humored measure of the happy domesticity in which the affable Mr. Chandler has fallen since he kissed and made up with his strikingly attractive wife, the former Marjorie Hoshelle.

Actually, the erratic female who was blowing her top was the Chandler washing machine. It kept coming off every time the harassed housekeeper turned the switch on a load of wash. And Jeff, who is a do-it-yourself addict—provided you can't get anyone else to do it for you—went at it with dispatch, and anchored the lid so that it no longer took off like an unidentified flying object.

Whatever grumbling may accompany Jeff's odd chores around the house merely masks the pleasure they afford him. Doing things around the house was one of the myriad prosaic joys of life that Jeff missed during his unhappy sabbatical from marriage. Home is where he is not an alien, and he loves the familiar noises and exertions which signify that the situation is normal and *not* fouled up in his cherished, if unspectacular, private world.

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DOMESTICATED Jeff says he'd like Congress to legislate a 36-hour day so he can have more time to spend at home with his family.

JEFF CHANDLER continued

His busy work schedule has been crowding



EXECUTIVE Chandler now heads his own producing unit, occupies a handsome, modern office. His first independent pic: "Drango."

PRODUCER Chandler likes what he sees of actor Chandler in film clip from "Drango." Jeff is currently in U-I's "Away All Boats."

Behind a curtain of deliberate incommunicado, Jeff has been living a fruitful, contented existence with the wife and two daughters who are the objects of his stoical, albeit deep, affection. One of the reasons for the blackout on news from the Chandler hearth stems from his conviction that happy marriage is something you live, not something you issue communiques about. Jeff adamantly declines to run off at the mouth about his personal well being, and he shrinks from saccharine contemplation of the serenity that is so apparent in his manner.

When Jeff finally consented to break his silence on his home life for me, he discussed it with the careless banter that bespeaks a secure marriage. He did not weigh his words carefully, as if he were fearful the first stiff breeze would blow over his rapport with Marge. He had played poker the evening before—the night out he gets once every two weeks—with some of the boys, and he quipped:

"I found it difficult to play. My hands felt so strange and light without the chains on."

I implored Jeff to tell me about himself and Marge, and instead of gushing forth with a gooey treatise on the joys of wedded bliss, he said, "We hate each other."

"Don't expect me not to quote you," I taunted him. And he replied, "I'll say it was a lie."

No such denial will be necessary. Jeff and Marge were never

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WHO, ME make a bad picture? Jeff actually drives himself harder (if that's possible) on his own production than he does ordinarily.



Jeff's home life, but those little strips of film pay the gas bills



IT'S LIKE THIS, Jeff says: "Every day is a series of contests, and happiness comes from accepting that you can't win them all."

CARROLL BAKER:

SHE'S



NO BABY DOLL

Unlike the childlike creature she portrays in her first starring role, Carroll had to grow up fast to make good

By SEYMOUR PECK

ELIA KAZAN has found a new face. The director who took Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint and Jimmy Dean out of obscurity and made their names known the world over is gambling now on a completely unknown girl to carry his new movie, "Baby Doll," to fortune. Her name is Carroll Baker, and if Kazan is at all nervous about entrusting the title role in a million-dollar production to a nobody, on him it looks good. "Carroll's going to make a terrific splash," he says very confidently.

Like most of the Kazan discoveries, Carroll doesn't conform at all to Hollywood's idea of what a star should be. She doesn't even live in Hollywood. Home is New York, and Carroll flies away home when the last take at the studio is done. She doesn't wear glamour make-up or a star's wardrobe or even nail polish. She talks admiringly of naturalness and simplicity, and is relieved that her hair can be its natural brown shade now that "Baby Doll"—for which she had to dye it blonde—is over.

Despite big money offers, she has refused to tie herself to exclusive long-term contracts with any company. She insists she will do only roles that stimulate her, and turned down the chance to make her screen debut in leading roles in "Rebel Without A Cause" and "Daddy Long Legs." Just before "Baby Doll," she took a relatively small supporting part in "Giant" because she thought she could learn from its brilliant director, George Stevens.

"Giant" opens in November, a few weeks after "Baby Doll." With two big movies about to break and her stock rising, one might expect Carroll to be pushing hard to assure her future—rushing into her next film, arguing for the bigger and better deal, ambitiously pursuing the publicity and the spotlight necessary to a star's buildup. But, with cool disregard for the conventions, Carroll is in quiet retirement at the moment, awaiting her first baby, due in December. Let the career wait a minute; 22-year-old Carroll says of her marriage, "I feel that's my life—and acting is my work. I'm interested in doing good creative things, but I want to have a life of my own. I don't want to be completely involved in my career. If you're having a baby and are not available, there's nothing anybody can do, you're just not available."

"Actually," adds Carroll's husband, the up-and-coming young Broadway director, Jack Garfein, "you can't grow as an artist if you are consumed by your career, if you push human experience away from you. Life enriches your art." Carroll agrees with a rueful smile. "Oh boy," she says, "I



ENJOYING a moment between scenes of "Baby Doll" are co-stars Carroll Baker and Eli Wallach. Elia Kazan was film's director.

sure know how to play a pregnant woman now. I certainly know the different moods and feelings you go through."

Those who are close to Carroll believe that her profound regard for marriage, the home, the family and the stability they stand for comes in large part from the fact that there was little stability in her own childhood. The marriage of her parents, William and Virginia Baker, broke up in 1948 when Carroll was 16. "They hadn't gotten along for many years," Carroll recalls, "and it finally came to the breaking-point. There was no special reason I could put my finger on, like another woman. But it wasn't a friendly separation."

Even in its earliest years, there was little foundation in Carroll's life. Born in Johnstown, Pa., Carroll was taken away from it as a baby by her father's work as a traveling salesman. "I remember when I was six we lived in Wheeling, West Virginia. I went to first grade there. At eight, we went to

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CARROLL BAKER continued

BABY DOLL warms up to
Eli Wallach in scene from film.



Carroll belongs to the same school of earthy portrayals as Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint and the late Jimmy Dean

live in New York for a while, and then near Newark, New Jersey, for about six months. All this moving around was very difficult because of my schooling."

From New Jersey, the Bakers went to Greensburg, Pa., in the coal mining area, and that was "wonderful," says Carroll, "because I was there the rest of my school days and you could say I had a normal life in high school." With the marriage of her parents disintegrating steadily, Carroll turned her mind to high school activities. "In my senior year our drum major left school and they let me lead the band. They gave me a whistle and I could tell the band where to go. So after school we marched up and down all the hills of Greensburg. Then there were the games out of town the band had to go to, and school dances, and club meetings two evenings a week, and I was secretary of the student council. I was crowned football queen in my senior year. I was attendant to the May queen—no, I didn't make May queen—and I danced in all the school operettas. I was one of the big wheels at school. It was a way of not being at home. And I saw to it that I got home as little as possible."

WHEN her parents called an end to their marriage and Mrs. Baker went to live in Florida, Carroll stayed behind with her grandmother to finish her senior year at high school. Her grandmother, a seamstress, kept after Carroll's father for money to pay for the dancing lessons Carroll loved.

It was the dancing that eventually started Carroll toward theatrical success. After graduating from Greensburg High in 1949, she joined her mother and younger sister in Florida and enrolled in St. Petersburg Junior College. "But after I was there just a few weeks," Carroll says, "someone heard I danced and I was invited to perform at the Florida Citrus

Growers Association convention. They loved my dancing and everyone made a fuss over me. There are so many conventions in Florida every week I was soon traveling all over, and I just couldn't keep up school. My mother was heartbroken but I liked dancing and I began to make money."

At one convention Carroll met a retired magician who taught her his act—picking sparkling jewels out of people's ears—and got her an audition at Radio City Music Hall in New York. "The idea was that if I got a job at the Music Hall, I would pay him for the act," Carroll says. "I was doing so well in Florida, I thought I would burn up New York. My mother financed the trip, poor woman. At the audition I sort of waltzed around and then reached up in air and brought forth a jewel. The man said, 'The act is just beautiful, but have you any idea how big the Music Hall is? They'll never see your act in the last row.'"

Disappointed but eager to stay in New York, Carroll began the dismal round of job-hunting. Only a couple of dancing jobs in out-of-town clubs came her way. She sought work as a dancer on TV; no one hired her to dance, but she did land walk-ons and bits on dramatic shows, and did commercials and weather reporting. TV drama reawakened a childhood interest in acting that Carroll had suppressed through the years.

"It started very young, my thinking about acting," Carroll says. "I used to stand on a chair before the medicine chest and act and feel sorry for myself."

Wanting to develop as an actress, Carroll applied for membership in the renowned Actors' Studio, which counts Marlon Brando, Julie Harris and many more among its students. Climbing six flights of stairs to the Studio's Manhattan headquarters, she was greeted by a young director who was doing volunteer work in the Studio office. Carroll was rejected by

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PETULANCE, sulkiness and wistfulness are among the many moods conveyed by Carroll in "Baby Doll." Remind you of Marlon Brando?



FILMED on location in Mississippi, "Baby Doll" is the story of a childlike bride of 19 whose marriage has never been consummated.

LOVE finally comes to Baby Doll in the person of Eli Wallach, business rival of her husband (Karl Malden), whom she loathes.



Combining marriage and career,

the studio, but she made a big hit with the young man—Jack Garfein. Both broke, both in love with the theatre, they scorned the obvious places for dates, like night clubs and elegant dining places. Instead, they would read plays together and talk them over, always wanting to learn. Carroll also studied in the classes of the renowned teacher, Lee Strasberg, and was later admitted to the Actors' Studio.

When Carroll got her first big job on TV on "The Web," Hollywood offers began coming in. When she scored a personal hit in a Broadway failure, "All Summer Long," in the fall of 1954, there were more Hollywood propositions. Carroll turned them all down. "I wasn't ready to take a big plunge like signing a movie contract. Besides, I knew enough to know the first movie one makes is very important. So I said, 'Send me scripts and we'll see.'"

On April 3, 1955, Carroll and Jack were married in Lee Strasberg's home in New York. "Carroll made her own wedding dress," Jack tells people proudly. "I had no formal lessons in sewing," says Carroll, "but I had watched my grandma for years. I told Jack we couldn't afford to buy a dress, so I bought the material and rented a sewing machine, and on the morning of the wedding I was still sewing. I carried the dress over to the Strasberg apartment, and while people were walking around with trays of hors d'oeuvres, I



"IT STARTED very young, my thinking about acting," Carroll says. "I used to stand on a chair before the medicine chest and play."

Carroll says, "I feel that marriage is my life—and acting is my work"

was standing in the kitchen, breathlessly pressing my dress."

Jack and Carroll took up married life in a small, fourth-floor walk-up apartment in a brownstone house. Three weeks after the wedding Carroll was on her way west to act the daughter of Rock Hudson and Elizabeth Taylor in "Giant." Jack spent a good deal of time watching George Stevens shoot "Giant" in Texas and Hollywood, and was also with Carroll when Elia Kazan shot "Baby Doll" in Mississippi—two experiences that helped him enormously when he recently directed his first movie, "End As A Man."

DIRECTOR Kazan thought Carroll right for "Baby Doll" because "she's nice and sweet in her face, but she's sexy and ambitious." But to Carroll the character of Baby Doll Meighan seemed "so strange, so weird. I wanted to make her a human being, but it all seemed so far-fetched—a girl of 18 in a small Mississippi town who sleeps in a baby's crib, sucks her thumb and adores ice cream cones.

"I talked to Kazan and he said, 'I can't tell you anything, but why don't you come down to Mississippi a few weeks early, talk to the townspeople and see?' I did that, and I saw that there are women like this who are perpetually encouraged to live a helpless, childlike existence.

"I met one woman who was 80. She was dressed in baby

blue, had her white hair in a pompadour, wore rings, earrings, brooches, high heels, and obviously a very tight corset because she sat so erect. She said to me, 'Dahlin', come over here, ah haven't talked to you yet.' I went over and sat at her feet. 'Sometimes,' she said, 'marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition, but not in my case. In my case, ah was always my daddy's baby. My daddy called me baby doll, he didn't expect me to do anything, just to be pretty when he came home. There wasn't a thing ah wanted he didn't buy me. He was just the grandest daddy that ever lived. And to this day ah can't step into a kitchen. Ah'd be helpless.' And even now her five children treat her like a baby doll. They fuss over her, they baby her."

Through such encounters, Carroll found herself able to play "Baby Doll" with assurance. And Kazan proved his admiration for her work by signing her for a second movie. Carroll has also agreed to make four more movies for Warner Bros. during the next six years. Meanwhile, she and Jack have moved out of their brownstone and into a Manhattan apartment large enough to accommodate the baby that is coming. Hollywood will see Carroll again, but only at work. Doesn't Carroll like Hollywood? Her answer sums up her approach to life. "I liked it when Jack was there. When he wasn't there, I didn't like it."

END



MONTY CLIFT:

**WOMAN
HATER
OR
FREE
SOUL?**

Still a bachelor at 35, Monty's



FRIENDSHIP with Liz Taylor, begun when both starred in "A Place In The Sun," may grow warmer during filming of "Raintree County."

reluctance to wed is one of the most intriguing riddles of our time

By **BILL TUSHER**

IT'S NOT that he hates women, or that he even hates the idea of marriage," a Hollywood confidant of Montgomery Clift assured me, displaying tolerant amusement at the suggestion that his fascinating but baffling friend might be of the few authentic Hollywood enigmas extant. "It's just that he loves his freedom."

Is Monty Clift's marathon escape from the tentacles of matrimony really that easily explained, or is his buddy's bland analysis of his protracted bachelor status a sweeping oversimplification that fails to take into consideration hidden frustrations and uncertainties in the Clift personality?

Is it likely that Clift, a full-grown man pushing 36, has never known the loneliness and rudderless feeling that impels marital holdouts many years his junior toward the altar? Or is it more likely that Clift has clung to his freedom not as an

end itself, but as an alternative to compromising on the lofty standards he has set for the anointment of any fortunate damsel as his bride?

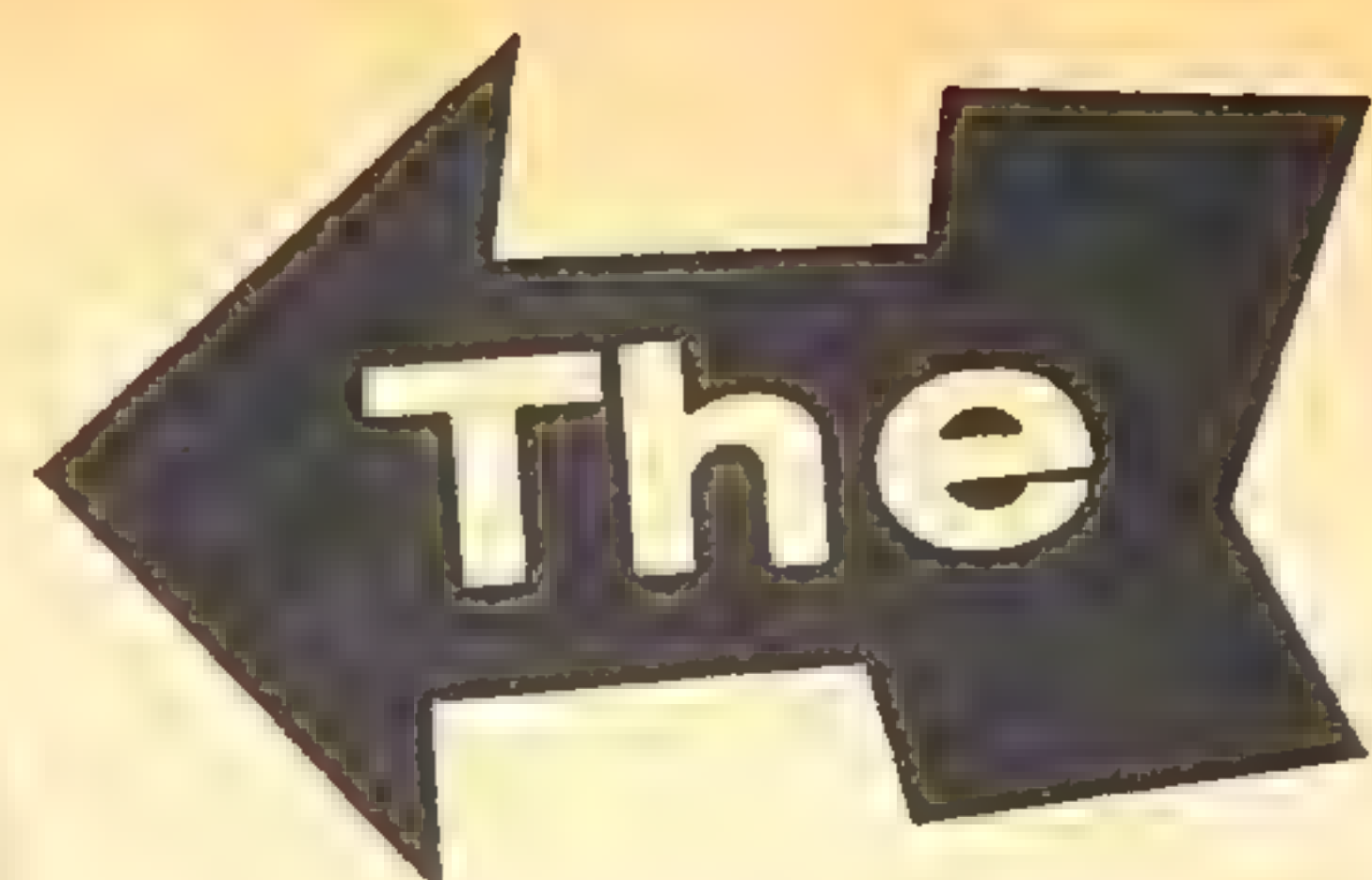
As Clift passes up life, is he running the risk of allowing life to pass *him* by? Has he set for himself an unattainable ideal in a woman which is destined to commit him to spend out the remainder of his years in solitude?

As Montgomery Clift lay in a Cedars of Lebanon Hospital bed in Hollywood, in the wake of his near fatal auto accident outside Elizabeth Taylor's home, these are questions about himself and his future that he—as well as his understandably concerned friends—might well have pondered.

Much is unknown about Montgomery Clift, to be sure. In his passion for privacy, he has seen to that. Yet much that is significant is known about him. Universal-International

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JOAN COLLINS:



Opposite Sex



EXOTICALLY clad Joan, often referred to as Britain's sexiest export, has that incendiary look even when relaxing between scenes.

LAVISH praise is heaped on Joan by producer Joe Pasternak, who's delighted with her work, especially in the Calypso number.

The musical version of MGM's sophisticated comedy, "The Women," is given an extra dash of spice by sultry Joan Collins





AS A SEXY showgirl in this satire on the female of the species, Joan wows 'em on-stage and woos other women's husbands off-stage.

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FAVORITE tropical fruit is lauded by Joan as she sings "Dere's Yellow Gold In De Trees."

DISCUSSING her big scene in "The Opposite Sex" with Director David Miller. Joan switches to heavy drama next in 20th's "Seawyfe."



Entertainment, Calypso style, as done by Joan, is flora and fun-a



END

Mitchum fires two barrels

(ONE AT US)

Never one to mince words, Bob answers a few pointed questions in his usual earthy way so—just watch out, brother

By DICK PINE



DOROTHY Mitchum, Bob's devoted spouse, gets a light from Mike Romanoff at the latter's restaurant on one of their rare evenings out.

FOR SOME reason there has, for years, been an aura of mystery around Bob Mitchum and this, when you come to think of it, is rather strange, since Bob has been right here in plain sight all the time—sometimes even in unwanted limelight—but working at his trade, turning in performances which are almost as enthusiastically admired by other actors as those of that other actors' idol, Spencer Tracy.

Legends have sprung up about him. Stories are told by one person who is close to him, only to be flatly denied by someone else who claims to know him better. Mitchum knows this and is puzzled as to why it should be. "I don't hide from anyone," he drawls. "I haven't tried to create any mystery. How does this stuff start, anyhow?"

So we suggested that he play one of our pet games, "True or False?" with us and try to set the record straight on some of these matters. He agreed, if we would agree not to ask him to pull his punches. And here we are:—

Q. True or false, that you, like Humphrey Bogart, deserve the title of "one of Hollywood's bad boys?"

A. If Bogart deserves the title, then so do I. That bum is already an Oscar up on me and I refuse to allow him an exclusive on further distinctions! If I have that title, I probably earned it, as he did, by refusing to answer reporters' idiotic questionnaires—like this one! It's no secret that both Bogart and I have occasionally kicked over a trace or two.

Q. True or false, that you have said you are really "a Bohemian at heart" and inclined to resist formality, discipline or regimentation?

A. False—I think. Someone has put words into my mouth here. (That old legend thing, again!) I have never claimed to be a "Bohemian," don't know where the heck Bohemia is, certainly can't speak the language and I'm sure I haven't heard the term since I was a sophomore in high school.

But if you mean, do I like to think of myself as an uninhibited "free soul"—sure! Don't we *all*? Free of all the silly conventions and restrictions of ordinary living. They're not for us! The exclusive *us*!

But—don't we all make concessions? And enjoy them? I do and sometimes I'm very pleased about it. The formality kick, for instance. I can kick—and I do, violently—at the *idea*, but the fact is that sometimes I *like* to get into white tie and tails and go to a big, fancy shindig where everyone, including me, puts on his formal manners along with a stiff shirt front.

At home I'm the sloppy type, in both manners and dress. Slacks, blue jeans, an old, tired jacket and manners to fit,

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MAKE-UP man applies some eyebrow pencil before Bob goes on set. "It's no secret that I've kicked over a trace or two," Bob says.

**"I'm rather slow to anger," Bob says,
"but once I've blown my top, I never regret it"**



"BANDIDO": Bob portrays an American soldier of fortune in Mexico around 1916 in his latest film. Ursula Thiess co-stars with him.

BETWEEN scenes of the film, which was shot on location in Mexico, Bob and his co-actors watched fishermen set nets, got their feet wet.

that's me. You know, it's a very funny thing about clothes . . .

"Hey!" we interrupted. "Clothes come later. Just now we're on the social whirl—remember?"

Q. True or false that you don't like anything about it, that you hate parties?

A. False. I'm very fond of some parties—only I like them at other people's houses. Not mine. Parties at my own house are so darned exhausting ahead of time, at least for me. I feel such an outsider! We usually give parties when I'm not working and for days the house is filled with worried voices. "Can the caterer really handle all these people?" "Will one bartender be enough?" "Will we need extra chairs or dishes—and what about the flowers?" "How in the world will we manage parking space for that many cars?"

No one ever consults me about these things and if I show my face at all, I feel like some unpleasant thing "underfoot" which should be shoved under a mat. There is no very good place to hide at our house and I can only hope that, like a tonsillectomy, the thing will soon be over.

If I'm sounding extra bitter about this, it's because I *am*. There's a big party brewing at my house at this very moment and I hate to go home. When the thing actually comes off, I'll probably enjoy it. I can come out of hiding and see some people I like. But I *still* say that the thing to do is rent a place like *Ciro's* and let *them* hide under things. I guess I'm not the hospitable type.

Q. True or false, that you are inclined to be haphazard about your personal appearance?

A. Oh, yes. Clothes. True, I guess, although I don't know exactly why. I'm told I don't think about them enough, although I find I think about them more now than I used to do before I had to make so many personal appearances. They seem to have become a part of my job recently, which makes them more important.

I find that I like *good* clothes and when I go to a tailor and order two or three suits and some jackets and so on, I some-





MITCHUM on Bohemianism: "I've never claimed to be a 'Bohemian,' don't know where the heck Bohemia is, don't speak the language."

how get the idea that this is *it*. I've bought enough clothes to last for years. In the back of my mind, I think "forever."

The last time I really bought suits, I'm told, was in 1952. Recently a tux I had been using on personal appearances developed a rip and I dropped into a Hollywood tailor's to have it repaired. I found I had been followed by my wife, Dorothy, and my secretary, Reva Fredericks, bent on bullying me into ordering some new garments. So I did. Hah! You just know I did, with those women tailing me! I don't mind the new stuff at all and I'm looking forward to a long, peaceful period of not thinking about such things.

However, with all the personal appearances I've been making, I've discovered something about myself and clothes. I can buy a carefully custom-tailored outfit which would make another man rival Adolphe Menjou in appearance. I believe "impeccable" is the word generally used to describe such male fashion plates. On me, the suit looks—well—sort of as if it had been tossed at me and I hadn't quite caught it. One of the kindest things ever said about my ability to wear clothes was, "Mitchum has the knack of making almost anything, even the most formal attire, look casual!" That's a *knack*?

Q. *Let's digress for a moment. True or false, that you have declared war on all the scandal magazines . . . not merely on*

the one which attacked you, personally? Is this a crusade?


A. True. And I feel this very deeply. I feel that it is high time that the inadequate laws governing libel in this country be held up for public examination . . . and I am willing to do my bit to see that they are, before you and you and you who read this become victims of the scavengers, the destroyers, too. I hadn't thought of it as a "crusade." I had just thought of it as something that needed to be done. But "crusade" is as good a word as any, if it will help.

Q. *True or false, that you are a very quick-tempered guy and inclined to pop off at the wrong moments? Do you ever regret these outbursts?*

A. False. Contrary to what I think most people believe, I am rather slow to anger. I am likely to do a slow burn. Then I simmer and if I simmer long enough and enough fuel is added, I really blow up like an untended pressure cooker. I'm told that I get pretty spectacular at long last. As to the second part of that question, once I've blown my top, I *never* regret it. I stand by it, as blown.

If you really want to see me in a bad temper, you should drop around at my house almost any day during the summer "tourist season." That's when the big busses bring visitors from everywhere to look at "the homes of the stars."

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"MARISA is wonderfully womanly," says Jean Pierre.

Frenchman's Chick

Marisa and Jean Pierre come from different worlds entirely, but the bonds that unite them are strong and sure

WHEN Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont were married at Santa Barbara last March 27th, Hollywood uttered a shocked and concerted, "Oh, NO! It just won't do!"

"They haven't known one another long enough—he is too old for her—their points of view are too different—her upbringing has been too strict. He is of the theatre, a cosmopolite, a sophisticated man of the world. She is a child who has been sheltered, protected, chaperoned. She simply doesn't know how a man like Jean Pierre lives and thinks and she will be upset and bewildered when she finds out. He will be disappointed when he learns how inexperienced she really is. It simply won't work!"

Won't it? Well, let's see. Let's give the doubters their say, and a very convincing say it is, too. Then let's see what we can learn about how Marisa and Jean Pierre feel about all this and how things are working out for them. Are they so different, after all? And is their adjustment to be as difficult as it might seem at first glance? What did they see in each other which made them so sure, after so short a time, that they were right for one another?

Now, Jean Pierre is distinctly a "grown-up person" by anyone's standards, as the doubters have pointed out. A mature man who was married to one of the world's most beautiful women, Maria Montez, who died tragically in her bath in 1951, leaving him with a lovely little daughter. He is a cosmopolite and an extremely talented and versatile person who has written sophisticated plays as well as appearing in them. He has been a soldier, an adventurer and world traveler. Besides all that, he exudes a dashing Gallic charm which has made him wistfully remembered by many a lovely lady in the capitals of Europe as well as America.

He has always, he says, "preferred mature women" and he has proved it by squiring such beauties as Marlene Dietrich and Barbara Stanwyck on occasion. He caused a small flurry at one time with his attentions to Grace Kelly.

But this monument of male attractiveness did not treat Marisa "like a child" when they met at the studio where they were both working. He paid her the courtly tributes he might have paid a duchess.

"Marisa," he explains, seriously, "is *not* a child. She has a depth and maturity that other people have never noticed, partly because they lacked the perception and partly because she has a deep reserve, a capacity for withdrawal into herself in order to *be* herself. This is not shyness. This is real self-

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HONEYMOONERS look the part at villa on Isle of Ischia between Naples and Capri. Marriage has made the once shy Marisa bloom.

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER



ADMIRATION for her Gallic husband shows clearly in Marisa's dark eyes. In Jean Pierre, she found at last a man who understood her.

they're right for each other

possession. No, indeed, Marisa is not childish. She is wonderfully, satisfyingly womanly."

And Marisa, whose dates had been the carefully chaperoned ones in Europe with one or two "boys" of her own age and a few more relaxed ones in Hollywood with such light-hearted young men as Dick Egan and Arthur Lowe, Jr., responded like a flower in the sun to this discerning and sympathetic approach. Here, she must have thought, was at last a "grown-up" who understood her!

Certainly he understood her acting talent. "She has great fire and depth," he commented. He appreciated and understood her somewhat faltering efforts at painting and sculpture. "Her talent is latent, but it is there," he smiled. And their love of music and similar tastes about it created a strong bond between them. That makes for many hours of shared pleasure.

He was delighted when he learned that she designed most of her own clothes and had them made up by her own dressmaker. "The girl has the same flair that clever Frenchwomen have," he nodded. But he disapproved, and said so, of Marisa's teen-aged habit of going shopping in slacks, sweaters and no stockings. These days when Mrs. Aumont goes even as far as the corner drugstore, she is an immaculate little fashion-plate, just as her husband wants her to be.

WHEN Marisa created a slight sensation by appearing at a party or two and a premiere with her hair slicked severely back from a face almost bare of make-up and a long, thick braid draped over her shoulder, Jean Pierre pronounced, "I like to see her that way. She is one of the few women with features perfect enough for such a coiffure. It gives her distinction." There were other differences in tastes and habits to be

"**SHE** is not a child," Jean Pierre says of his bride. "She has a depth and maturity that other people have just never noticed."



HAPPY twosome on Isle of Ischia. Jean Pierre's discerning and sympathetic approach during courtship melted Marisa's shyness.

worked out, as there are with almost all newly-wed couples.

Marisa loves to cook the good, hearty Italian dishes and serve these with wine by candlelight. Much as he wants to please his bride, Jean Pierre hasn't been able to enjoy Italian food, although the wine and candlelight are fine. He can't bring himself to like some of Marisa's other favorite foods, either, such as hamburgers and chili beans, although he maintains that he has tried to acquire these tastes, just to please her. He likes French foods with subtle sauces and Marisa is trying to master the cooking of those things, insisting, when they dine out that they go to places where such things are served. "I want to sip and sample," she says, "so I can emulate." Then she sighs, "And anyhow, I must watch my weight as all Italian girls must do. With these new kinds of foods, perhaps it will be easier."

It seems only yesterday that we all read Jean Pierre's languid opinion that women who "dieted obviously" were "rather boring." Nowadays when his little "pigeon" counts up her calories before putting them inside her, he appears to find it amusing and endearing. "A dedicated little actress," he ruminates. "She knows she must make some sacrifices!"

Exuberant Marisa loves to swim and play tennis and she is good at these sports. But when she urges her husband to join her in these strenuous pastimes he drawls, "You look enchanting, going through all these violent motions. Just let me sit on the sidelines and enjoy watching you."

"And when I next look up," complains Marisa, "there he is with his head in a book or a script and he isn't watching at all!"

But he is enjoying her youth and energy, even if he takes his eyes off her occasionally. "Some sort of current comes through to me from you, my dear," he tells her, indulgently,

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Mr. Cooper goes to



GONDOLA jaunt affords Gary a chance to dream, stretch his long legs.

Venice

Did the long-legged ex-cowboy from Montana get his kicks on the Grand Canal? To quote Gary in a word, "Yup!"



BUSMAN'S holiday finds Gary shooting pictures in St. Mark's Square with wife, Rocky. His current film: "Friendly Persuasion."



AUTOGRAPH fans besieged Gary everywhere he went in Venice and big Coop was only too happy to oblige. Gary's popularity never wanes.

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GARY COOPER continued

**On his grand tour of Venice,
Gary is followed by crowds,
befriends pigeons, makes like a
medieval doge in his gondola**



PIGEONS flock around Gary as he strolls through St. Mark's Square. At same time, passers-by indulge in fancy rubbernecking.



WALK through a Venice street with his wife, Rocky, and daughter, Maria (left), finds Gary pursued by newspaper and camera men.

GRINNING Coop waves happily to admirers on banks of Grand Canal. Gary got the sort of welcome accorded a conquering hero.



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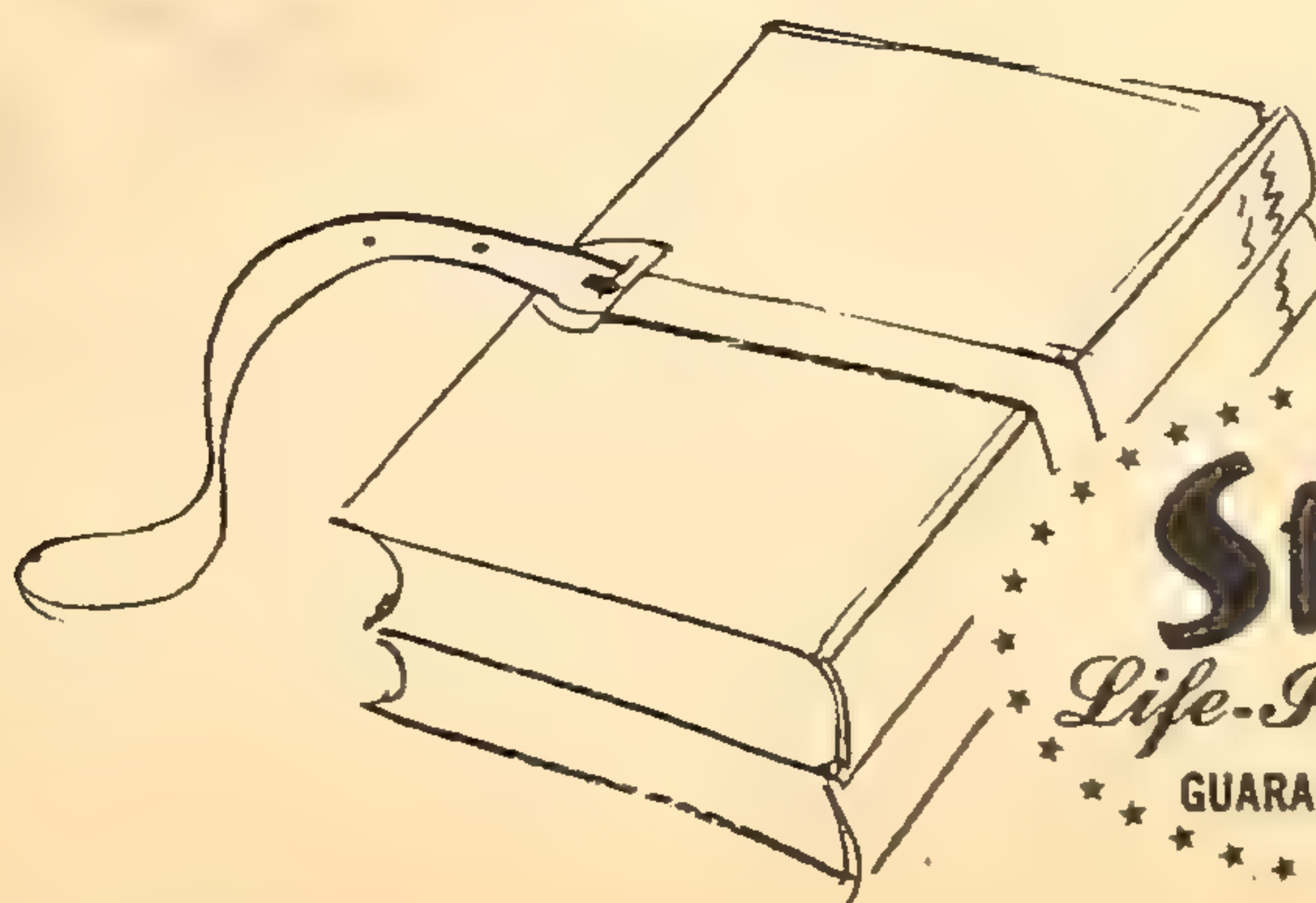
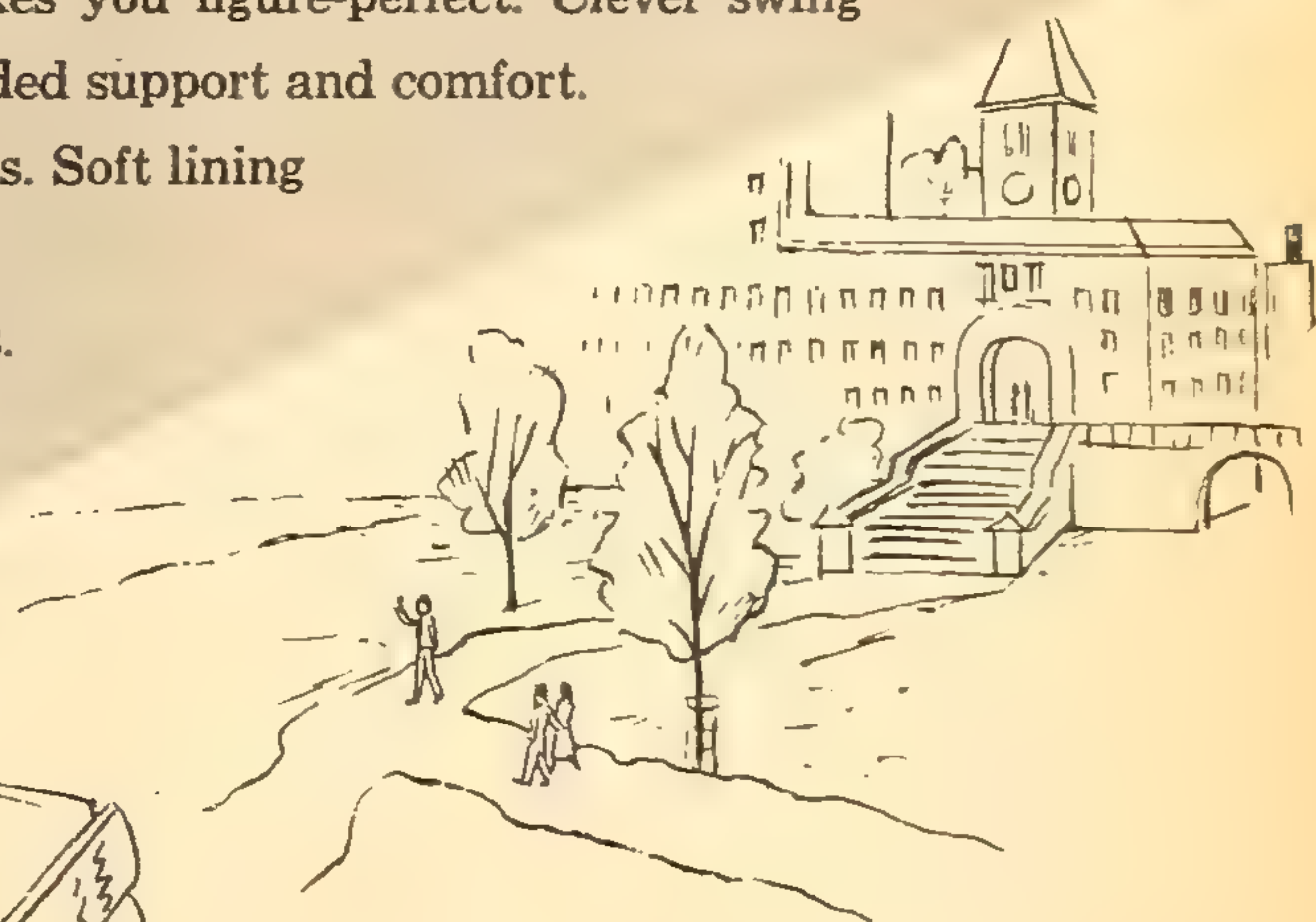
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SID CAESAR:

Mama brought the chicken soup from Yonkers

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN



FUNNYMAN Sid Caesar (with Carl Reiner and Howie Morris) is regarded a genius by many.

Maybe that's what turned the tables for Sid; anyway, he didn't wind up being the concert artist he was willing to starve to be

HOW SID ever became a comedian I will never know," says the woman who knows him best and who met and fell in love with him when he was a saxophone player.

"I was a long-hair," says Sid himself. "My ambition was to make the saxophone a concert instrument like the violin."

The saxophone is still more or less where it was, but Sid became an instrument of Fate. Fate had him figured for a comedian who was to turn his talent into art. Ever since he made his television debut seven years ago he's been compared to greats like Charlie Chaplin, W. C. Fields and the late Raimu. Though his wife still insists he never exhibited a flair for comedy, he is considered by many to have authentic genius.

In a duel of wits with Groucho Marx or Bob Hope he'd probably be torn to shreds. He is a wallflower at parties; he can't tell a gag from a piece of adhesive tape. He is heavy, generally hungry and often morose. ("I try to be pleasant at home though," he says, glumly.)

He does not, like other comedians, travel in coteries or frequent theatrical restaurants for the sole purpose of being seen. He does frequent certain favorite restaurants for the purpose of consuming enough food for an army. "He can eat a whole chicken at one time," Mrs. Caesar reports with unconcealed awe.

But when the camera is on him he is superb. Then, with an uncanny eye and ear for the humor and pathos of everyday life, he captures a universality of feeling that puts him—as an artist—in a class all by himself.

"We try to understand, not caricature people," he says. "Your humor doesn't have to be so broad anymore. Today, the average person knows a lot more than people used to know."

Out of respect for people's intelligence, Sid works six days a week perfecting his material. He has an office at home and an office in Manhattan—and if he ever does relax it's probably during the time it takes (80 minutes) to travel from one office to another.

"No one can relax and remain on top," he states, firmly. He's one of the few comedians who will throw out a bad sketch when it's well into rehearsal rather than kid himself into thinking he can save it. "I wouldn't feel good if I sloughed things off," is his attitude. "And you don't break down from overwork if you do something you like."

Although Sid certainly enjoys his work ("If I weren't a comic I'd be in a lot of trouble," he says. "When you make fun of something it means you don't like it."), he started going to a psychiatrist shortly after he became a TV success. It wasn't success he couldn't stand; it was his in-

ability to express himself easily off-stage. He was also bothered by what he considered to be an unreasonable amount of anger. "It's all right to have a competitive spirit," he can say lightly now, "but when you compete with a guy over his pat of butter, well . . ."

Well, analysis proved so satisfactory that Sid heartily recommends it to everyone. "Analysis is like turning on the light before you go into a room," he explains. "In the dark you may bump into a desk and hurt your knee. With the lights on you'll walk around the desk—or move it."

All the lights in Sid's life are shining nowadays. Just a year ago he moved into the first home he's ever owned—a 16-room mansion overlooking Manhasset Bay. It is much more splendid than the apartment he left on Park Avenue—and *that* apartment meant something special to him. "As a kid," he recalls, "my father used to drive me down Park Avenue clear from Yonkers where we lived, and it seemed to me like being in another world. I never dreamed—but there I was. And isn't it—a *small* world?"

Sid's world started in Yonkers, New York, where he was born in 1922. There were two older brothers who now own a stationery store there. "My brothers are not only much taller and heavier than I am," Sid says (he's 6' tall, weighs 206),

continued on page 64

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"but they're about four times as funny."

All the boys, as soon as they reached 14, were put to work as bouncers in their father's restaurant, a place called the St. Clare Lunch. Sid did more than bounce; he listened to and mastered the many dialects that sounded loud and clear across the counter. Though he didn't know it at the time, he was building up an hilarious repertoire.

Playing the sax was uppermost in his mind those days. He dreamed of studying at a Paris conservatory, but when the depression hit home it didn't overlook the Caesar family.

"I wasn't in rags on the streets," says Sid. "I wasn't starving exactly, but I remember putting cardboard in my shoes and eating a lot of boiled potatoes and sour cream."

Though he couldn't make it to Paris, he saved up some money to attend the Juilliard School of Music. While still in high school he played sax with Mike Cifichello's Swingtime Six—"from nine to exhaustion," and when he graduated from high school he became an usher at the Capitol Theatre near Times Square. He earned \$15 a week, handed five to a landlady of a nearby boarding house and blew the rest on music lessons. When the doorman at the Capitol quit because he got too cold, Sid won the job, the gold braid and the three dollar raise that went with it.

"As a doorman, I had a clear view of the crowds going into Lindy's," he recalls. "But my own lunches were brought to me by my mother who carried hot soups and sandwiches all the way from Yonkers."

Years later when Sid got into TV (but before he got into analysis) a friend was so overwhelmed by Sid's appetite that he jotted down a typical day's menu. Breakfast, he noted, consisted of the juice of four oranges, two eggs, a chunk of bacon, a kippered herring, three slices of stale white bread, two glasses of yogurt. Hunger pangs struck again at 11 a.m. and were answered by an egg salad sandwich and cherry soda. Lunch was light—a turkey leg, wing and neck and a bottle of Celery Tonic. Teatime passed fairly well with four frankfurters and two glasses of chocolate milk. For dinner there was shrimp cocktail, cream of tomato soup, sirloin steak, home fried potatoes, apple pie and a pint of yogurt.

"I just don't feel like eating so much any more," he says sadly.

WHEN he was about 18 Sid had saved up enough money to leave the frustrating view of Lindy's and join the musician's union. He was good enough to get jobs with Charlie Spivak, Claude Thornhill and Shep Fields. One summer when he was playing sax at a hotel in the Catskills, he met Florence Levy, the hotel owner's niece. She was a Hunter College girl and she knew about musicians—they got lost when the summer was over.

She thought she'd take Sid lightly, but Sid, who was soon to depart for the Coast Guard, had a sense of urgency about life and Florence. He married her in 1943.

But even before their marriage, the course of his future was completely altered. In the Coast Guard he was assigned to the company of "Tars And Spars" as a saxophone player. He was horsing around with the boys one day and suddenly fractured them with an imitation of a Coast Guard officer. Max Liebman, civilian director of the show, overheard him, and immediately decided Sid was to be billed as a comedian.

It was a surprise to Florence, but she went along with the gag. She toured with him and the show for two years, and one morning woke up in Hollywood where "Tars And Spars" was made into a movie, and a lethargic attempt was also made to turn Sid into a movie star.

For two years he swam, played tennis and trotted over to the cashier's window to pick up his \$500 weekly paycheck. In 1945, he came home and played the Roxy Theatre. At any rate, he could afford to eat and this gave him a degree of fame. In fact, Sid claims that his present success is due to one of his early admirers—Leo Lindy, owner of the famous Lindy's restaurant on Broadway.

"When I was playing the Roxy Theatre for the first time," Sid says, "Lindy urged producer Max Gordon to use me in a show. Gordon told me he wasn't doing a show that year and he sent Joe Hyman to see me.

"Hyman had never seen me perform, but he hired me for his show—"Make Mine Manhattan."

When the show opened, Sid was the biggest hit in it. From there it was an easy step to NBC's "Your Show Of Shows."

Sid and Florence moved to a simple apartment in Forest Hills, Long Island,



ONCE a long-hair musician, TV's Sid Caesar can't explain how he came to be a comedian.

and in 1948 their first child, daughter Michele, was born.

Though Sid is pleasantly unimpressed with himself, he enjoys the fruits of labor with good humor. When he gave Florence a mink coat for Christmas, quipped, "We don't take her out anymore. We take the coat out." And looks in awe at the Great Dane named Julius who has become part of the family. "You should see his papers," Sid says. "A prince. I stand up to talk to him."

He and Florence both glow when they talk about the \$125,000 ranch house they bought last year. They've never owned a home before and this one, situated in Manhasset Bay, was the three hundred dollar house they looked at.

THE house they live in is more like a palace. It stands on three acres of beautifully landscaped ground. There are two spacious porches, a patio and a dock for the boat he has not yet bought. The house is completely air-conditioned, and in the living room there is a 30-foot wall of windows.

As soon as Sid bought the place he ordered a one-hole golf course, a swimming pool (with a fence and built-in alarm system), a 50x50 foot playroom, a study room and an office. Seventy men fell to complete the additions in two months.

Huge and expensive though it is, the Caesars have managed to keep it inviting with their choice of traditional and modern furniture. "It's the sort of place where you're not afraid to sit down," he says.

They continue to live a quiet life. Their eight-year-old daughter, Michele, attends a public school and four-year-old Richard will follow in her footsteps. For a time, Michele didn't even know the name of the man who is her father. Once a couple of years ago, she asked him for his name. "Sidney," he said.

"But what's your other name?" she asked in a child-like manner.

"Caesar," he said.

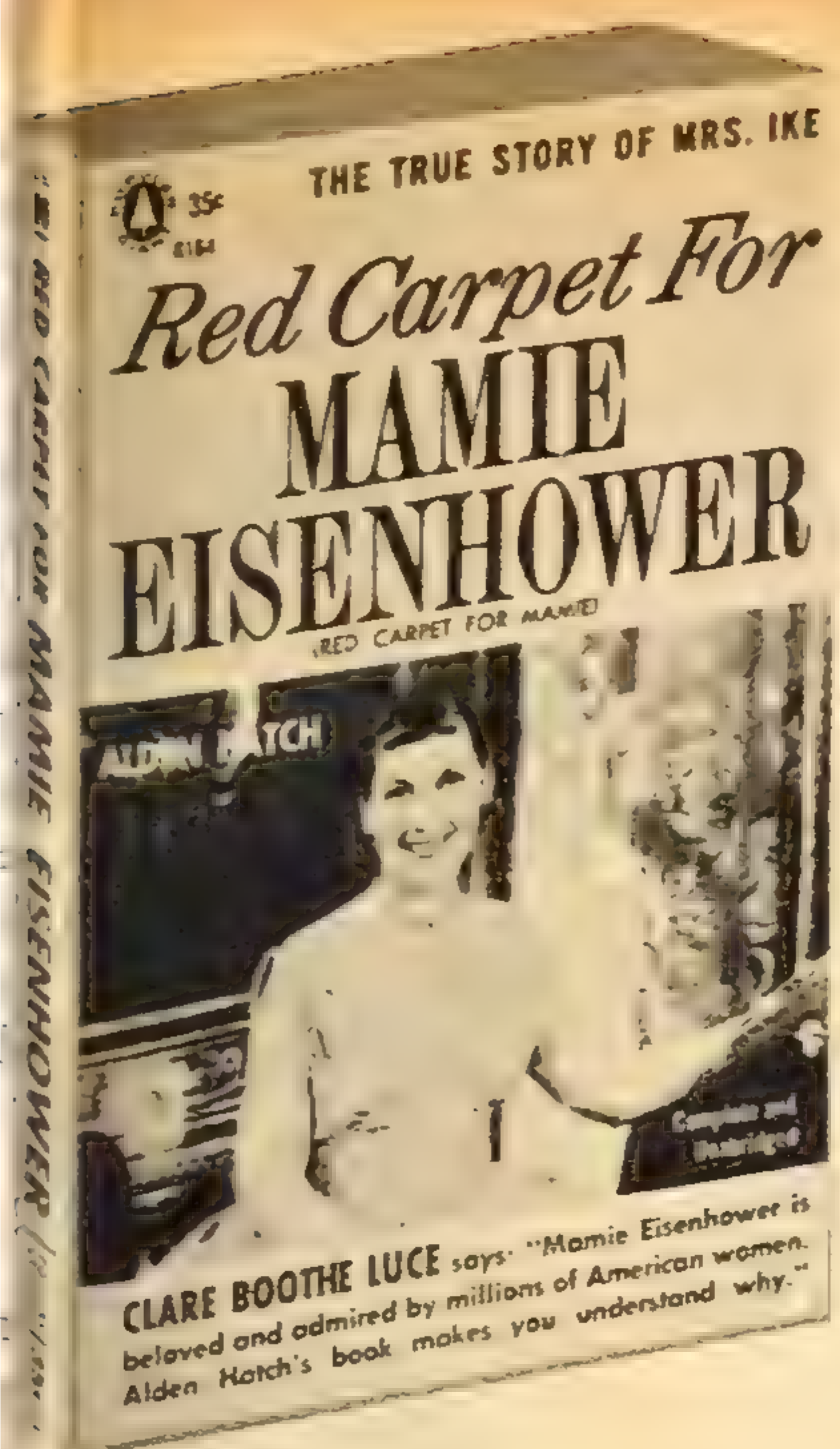
Michele nodded, apparently satisfied, and started away. Then she turned back and exclaimed, "You're Sid Caesar!"

These facts of life startled her temporarily, but the public at large is only startled but often enraged when they see Sid and Florence together.

"The nerve of that man!" women have been heard to say. "With a beautiful wife like Nanette he has to take out a blonde."

Next season, Sid's taking a new bride for professional purposes only. She's a beautiful and vivacious Janet Blair, whom Sid says, "She is completely going and not at all reserved when she's performing. I like the warm and generous quality she projects. I feel completely at ease and comfortable with her."

Janet, who signed her first movie contract with Columbia in 1941, has always been a well-known and popular actress for some reason never won the accolades she deserves. As Sid's TV wife she will no longer be deprived.



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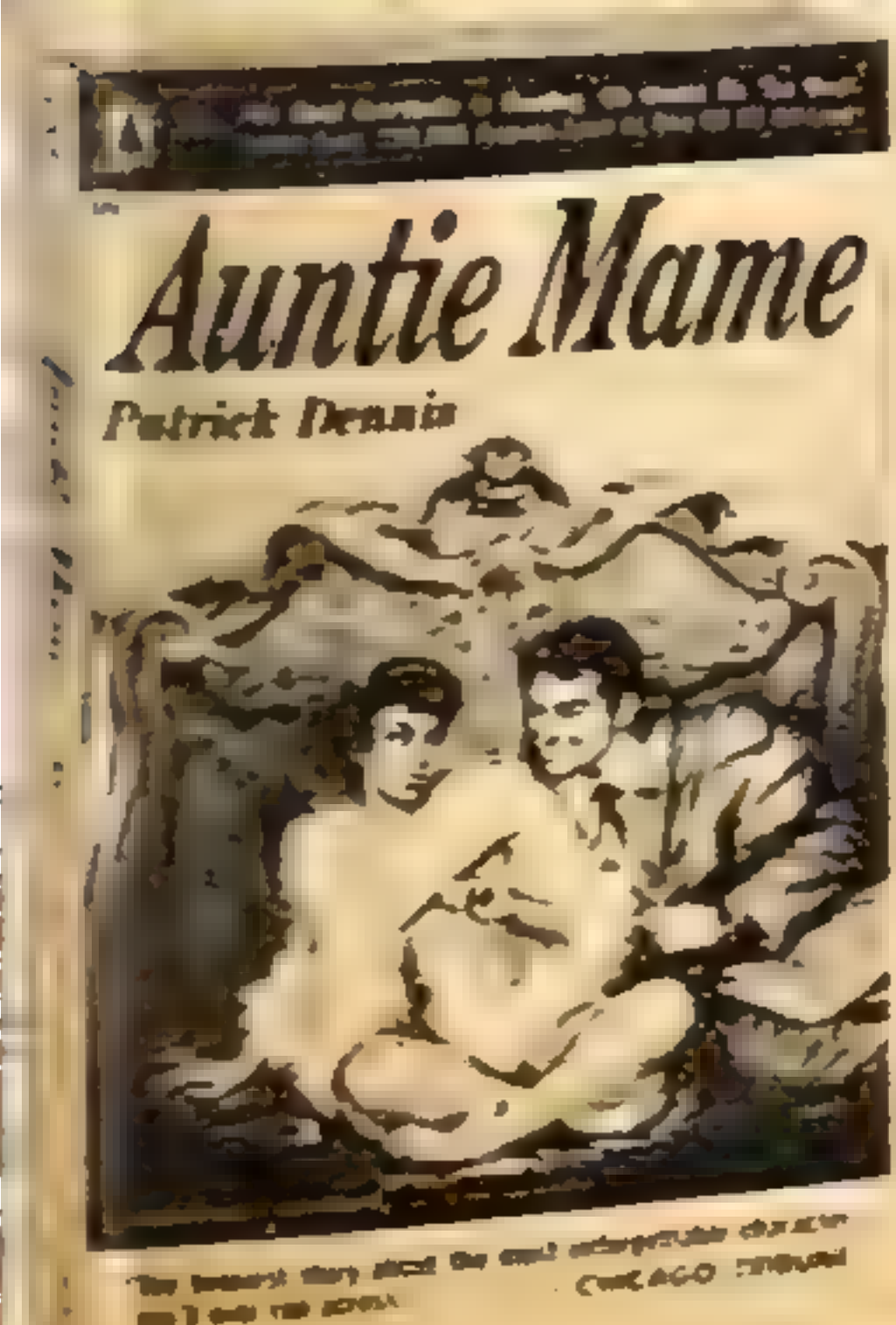
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Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 10

there was no possible chance they would continue as a team. "They're through simply because they have separate aims in life. Dean wants to be a romantic leading man. Jerry wants to continue as a comic, direct pictures and make personal appearances." By the way, Jerry gets custody of their joint press agent, Jack Keller, in the split-up. . . . Her two-year retirement from the screen didn't cool Betty Hutton's temperament down one bit. I hear the flare-ups on her comeback film, "Spring Reunion," were really something! Betty's next will be titled, "The Comedienne," about a comedy star who reaches the heights but becomes a heel on the way up.

Though she won't admit it, the huge sparkler Rhonda Fleming is wearing, supposedly a gift from a secret admirer, is actually one she bought for herself. But then, what girl likes to admit she buys her own jewelry? . . . Aldo Ray has his friends worried because of his mooning over Jeff Donnell. She won't date him and he won't date anyone else. . . . The financial flop of "Carousel" cooled Hollywood off on Shirley Jones. . . . Jack Lemmon's studio loaned him out for a foreign-made film in the hope that his forced absence from Hollywood would kill or cool his ardor for a certain star. But darned if the plan didn't backfire. The doll got herself a picture to do in Europe at the same time. . . . You'd think Jimmy Cagney was Rock Hudson, the way the studios are fighting over him for pictures. He's all set for three, and I couldn't be happier.

Robert Wagner's first professional recording effort—which cost him \$1,000 of his own money—was turned down by a

top record company with the brief note: "Try again when you've had more singing lessons." However, that hasn't discouraged Bob, who intends to take another crack at the waxworks after finishing "Jesse James." . . . Ann Blyth, a girl who knows her way around a dollar, has finally decided to get a press agent, because she feels her career is not what it should be. . . . Bill Holden is holdin' out against making any more pictures this year. He told me: "I'm so tired, I wouldn't know what to do with a good role if it came up and bit me." . . . Tony Curtis and Jose Ferrer have become great pals and are on the prowl for a story to do together—Tony starring, Jose directing. Tony's next will be called "Calypso," about a beachcomber who wants nothing from life but wine, women and no work. *That's* nothing from life??? On the personal side, Tony's wife, Janet, is more reluctant about leaving their darling daughter Kelly than she ever thought she'd be—finds it hard to tear herself away to go to work. . . . Debbie Reynolds, who scarcely stepped foot on a sound-stage during the two years before her marriage to Eddie Fisher, finished two pictures in quick succession after she'd become pregnant. As she flipped: "That's the hard way to get a picture." In her final film before the baby, "Bundle Of Joy," you'll see more close-ups of Debbie than you've ever seen before. . . . The bust-up of the Liz Taylor-Michael Wilding marriage came as no surprise to those in the know. These two very nice people just haven't been getting along for too long a time, and that's too bad, particularly because of the children.

That's all now. See you soon. **END**



"I'M no putterer at home; my only hobby is fishing," says Bob, showing snake he caught dead in it.

Or the car sales who oozes, "For a man in your position a car like this is a 'must'!" The "must" about any car I buy is that it runs well and, with good care, lasts longer than one of my kids' tricycles. "position," whatever that may mean, nothing to do with it.

I have another source of irritation which I suspect is what the wise guys call a "quirk." I am (perhaps unreasonably) annoyed if, in a restaurant, the waiter the Maitre d' hovers over me, inquiring monotonously, "Is everything all right?" I know he means well but I can't stand just so much of this. After all, I'm an articulate guy and if anything is wrong I am *more* than capable of saying so! So . . . at the third or fourth question I am inclined to put on my fishy eye (which I have practised well) and proclaim my voice audible for some distance, "Nothing is right!" This has sometimes caused quite a stir in certain restaurants.

Q. True or false, that while you have no special hobbies, you make a Big Deal of puttering around the house, as columnists have reported?

A. False. I do have a special hobby, fishing, both deep sea and fly. As for puttering, well, it's like this. Most of the time I make quite a project of avoiding work around the house . . . by dint of ingenious excuses for putting in those vicious "tomorrow." But now and then the urge to "create" something. Christmas Dorothy gave me a touch of a gorgeous bird with an incredible . . . Mind you, I had *asked* for this creature. Suddenly I determined to screen it at home for it at the end of a porch attached to our house. Everyone was very patient with me but now I am informed that next month was one of the most trying periods in our entire domestic history. I was

I took measurements and drew

Mitchum Fires Two Barrels

continued from page 53

That's okay, but the visitors don't "just look." They ring the doorbell, they invade the garden, they accost anyone they can buttonhole and say, blandly, "We'd like to look through your house!" Even though we may have guests or be taking baths, I resent this violently. I wouldn't stop at a stranger's house in Mason City, Iowa, and ask to inspect it from basement to attic! I would expect and deserve to be thrown out on my ear. Some of these characters are in danger of having just that happen to them on my premises.

I'm trying to bring up two teen-aged boys (Jimmy and Christopher) and a four-year-old daughter (Petrine) in a reasonably normal atmosphere. What chance do you think I have if I let a lot of camera-happy, question-happy snoopers

swarm all over the place day after day?

A good many people irritate me, as you may have gathered. The character, for instance, who has something to sell and who boosts the price some 30 to 90 per cent when he learns that it is a motion picture actor who wants to buy it. This can happen with anything, from cars to sweaters to city lots, as Rock Hudson learned recently when he tried to buy the vacant lot adjoining his property. The price tripled when the owners learned who he was. That sort of thing will trigger my well-known temper in a split second.

I don't want to be conned into buying anything, either . . . you know, by the slick sweater salesman who drolls, "This cashmere is so *right* for you . . .!" when my Aunt Minerva's poodle wouldn't be

and visited lumber yards. I shopped for samples of wrought iron (I've forgotten what I intended to do with those). I brought home wrenches and screw drivers, nuts and bolts, along with yards of wire screening. I even bought coveralls!

But the more stuff I accumulated, the more complicated the whole thing began to seem and the more I began to doubt my ability to see this thing through. I didn't like to admit my doubts so I just gradually slowed down on my activities until Dorothy finally rescued me, tactfully, by saying, "This is going to take quite a long time, especially since you have a picture starting soon. And the toucan is getting pretty cramped in that small cage. Would you be upset if we had some professionals in to—uh—finish the job?"

Darned nice of her to use that word, "finish," I thought. I hadn't driven a single nail. I bowed out gracefully (I hope) and gratefully (I know!) and it turned out to be a fine toucan cage. And here's a funny thing. When I look at it, I actually had a hand in building it.

But I've gone back to my original habit of avoiding household projects.

Q. True or false, that you pull no punches when anyone offends you and that you sometimes employ bizarre, practical jokes to take revenge?

A. False and true. False in that, contrary to a lot of reports, I don't offend easily. True, that I enjoy practical jokes, especially if they are deserved. Making pictures is a tense sort of business, at its best and worst. And fun—even blatant, slapstick fun—relieves the tension. It's important, an escape valve.

That's probably why I enjoyed acquiring a manhole cover (at considerable trouble) for someone's "Iron wedding anniversary" and why I thought it worthwhile to spend \$40 or so having the thing silver-washed and wrapped in a rose-bedecked parcel for delivery. It's probably the reason I enjoyed shopping for electrically-heated stockings for a leading woman in one of my pictures who wailed constantly about her cold feet. It probably explains why I enjoyed sending a live, very pink, very young piglet in one of those transparent orchid boxes to a certain actress on a certain opening night.

The recipients of these tributes may have been less than enchanted—I believe they were! But to me these gestures seemed appropriate at the time. So, why not? At least, I enjoyed them.

Q. True or false, that you have said that you don't care whether or not you ever make another picture. What would cause you to bow out?

A. True, if you mean do I love pictures like Debbie loves Eddie, or am I "dedicated to this art?" I don't. I'm not. What would make me bow out is if they stop paying me. If the money stops, so do I. Do go to see my pictures, won't you!!

Q. Do you consider yourself one of those individuals whom Fate has singled out as a target for Things—io happen to?

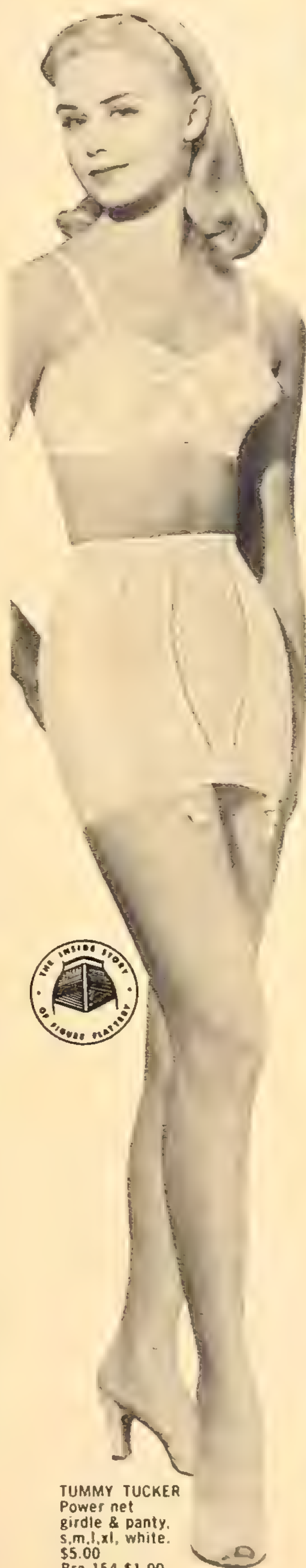
A. Are you kidding? END

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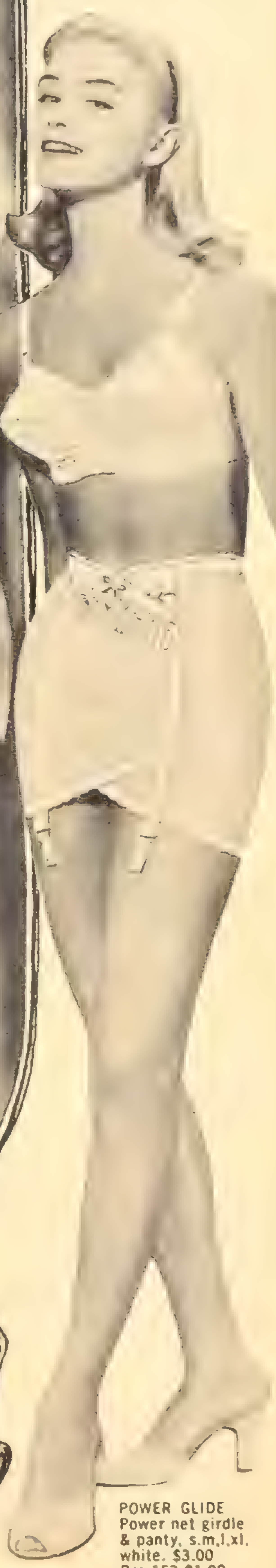


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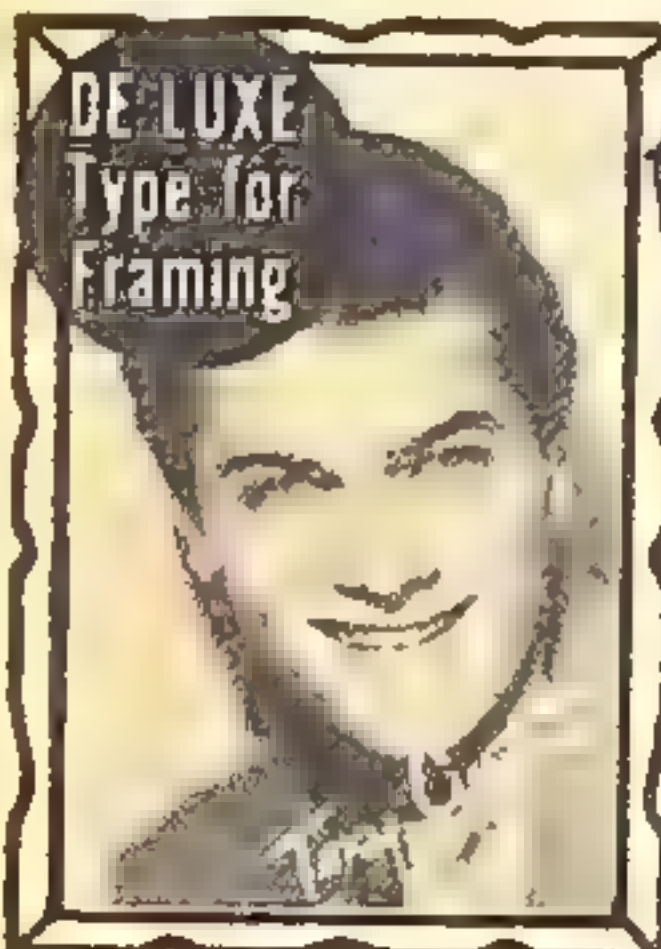


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let's look
at ● the
RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by **BOB CROSBY**

THE new Erroll Garner album bearing the matter-of-fact label "Erroll!" should make every other piano man trade in his Steinway for a set of plumber's tools. He's just about the greatest thing to happen to a keyboard since W. A. Mozart went into the business (EmArcy) . . . From the sublime to the ridiculous (but lots of fun) creep up on Nervous Norvov's Dot recording (recording?) of "Ape Call" and "Wild Dogs Of Kentucky"—two giant steps forward in the back-to-nature movement . . . **Joni James** has a couple of first-rate ballads back-to-back. The familiar "How Lucky You Are" and "Give Us This Day" should have the juke-boxes working overtime. Joni never picks a bad one, and this is no exception (MGM) . . . Who's the most happy fella in town? Odds are it's Frank Loesser whose musical, "The Most Happy Fella," is sold out clear through till when it feels like folding its tent. Columbia's recorded the complete score for those who feel they *must have* the whole shootin' match, and a single recording of selections from the show for the more frugal among us. Either way, it's a bargain . . . **Nick Noble**, a lad with a whole lot of larynx, does a Grade A job for Mercury on the novelty, "Keeping Cool," and the Cole Porter bit of sentimental sophistication, "You're Sensational" . . . Have you met **Ted Heath** and his orchestra, Blighty's answer to Stan Kenton? Now's your chance. Their latest London etching, "Have You Met Miss Jones" and "The Faithful Hussar," are a bit of all right—hear, hear . . .

For some king-sized sounds from a bite-sized instrument, dig **Larry Adler's** harmonica handsprings on a pair of Parisian imports, "Le Rififi" and "La Soupe A La Grimace." They lose absolutely nothing in Larry's translation (Capitol) . . . The Ray Charles Singers have assembled en masse around an MGM microphone for some group calisthenics on

a couple of oldies, "When The Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along" (now there's a song title that *was* a song title) and "June Night" . . . Feel like slipping on those dancing shoes gathering dust in the closet? **Buddy Morrow** and his orchestra will give you some encouragement with their Wing album, "Music For Dancing Feet." The numbers—all live ones—are definitely not for armchair listening . . . The **Gadabouts** weave a wonderful bit of wackiness in "Stranded In The Jungle." The natives will really get restless over this one. The flip is "Blues Train," a rhythmical ride that should find a flock of fans climbing on board (Mercury).

Capitol's got a real fine clambake brewing with the sound track from the MGM movie, "High Society." Brother **Bing**, feller name of **Frank Sinatra**, Her Highness **Grace Kelly**, "King" **Louis Armstrong** and **Celeste Holm** all pitch in on the vocal chores. Need we say more? Cole Porter's ditties for "High Society" are high class, but *naturellement*. **Woody Herman**, backed up briskly by his Herdsmen, warbles the bluesy "I Don't Want Nobody" and "To Love Again," a ballad from "The Eddy Duchin Story." Woodrow Wilson's fine Southern drawl was never better, suh! (Capitol) . . . Brace yourselves, ladies. **Tony Martin** has just put out a collection of slightly swoonable love ballads on the Victor label. Titled "Speak To Me Of Love," it contains some of Mr. Martin's more dulcet tones . . . **Frankie Castro**, a daring young man on a vocal trapeze, swings, but I mean *swings*, through "Too Much" and "Goodbye, So Long, I'm Gone." Real gone, Frankie boy (Mercury).

END

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Monday through Friday on the CBS-TV network from 3:30 to 4:00 p.m. EDT.

Frenchman's Chick

continued from page 57

ven when my eyes wander." Marisa puts a little bit then and Jean Pierre laughs a great deal and obviously there are no important differences between them on that score.

In Hollywood they live in the home Marisa purchased for herself and her mother, a not-too-large, modern house in the hills overlooking Hollywood. They expect to commute between that and Jean Pierre's beautiful home just outside of Paris for the next year or so and they plan to build a more pretentious house in California.

"It will have room for children," Marisa says, blushing, "if necessary."

"It will have room for children," Jean Pierre says, not blushing at all, "when the time comes."

They have had one especially interesting effect upon one another. Each of them has been considered by co-workers aloof and rather hard to know. It was easy to figure with Marisa, the girl with the inferiority complex, the unsure, withdrawn one. With Jean Pierre, it is more difficult. Was he aloof because of arrogance, a feeling of being a foreigner, a fear of being criticized? No one knows for sure, but it is a fact that Jean Pierre was pretty unapproachable, even to the point of brusqueness for a long time . . . until his marriage to Marisa.

Obviously her marriage to this fascinating older man, this "grown-up person" who understood her, encouraged her, appreciated her . . . and loved her . . . made Marisa flower and expand. She became friendly and outgoing, she began to show her liking for people and her interest in them.

One veteran who had worked with her on earlier pictures commented, "This little Pavan chick . . . I never would have dreamed that she had such sparkle and charm. I used to think she was a pretty dull little number. Colorless. Now she has some real zip and I never realized before what a special kind of prettiness she has . . ." Apparently lots of people hadn't realized.

As for Jean Pierre, all anyone can figure about him is that Marisa, in her new-found happiness, infected her husband with these same impulses. Anyhow, it is a matter of record that Jean Pierre emerged from his haughty shell in the months following his marriage. He even developed a hearty handclasp and was heard several times to utter a cheery "Hello, there!" to fellow workers he'd met on the lot, leaving them, in some cases (when they had known him before), rather stunned by the sudden burst of warm-hearted friendliness.

All of which would seem to prove that love (as if we didn't already know!) is a pretty powerful influence, capable of smoothing out a lot of differences. **END**



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Love That Ball And Chain!

continued from page 36

more gone on one another. Jeff didn't have to put it into words. He put it much more eloquently when he bemoaned over and over again that his work didn't allow him to spend as much time with Marge as he'd like. It doesn't take a tea leaf reader to figure out that the first requisite of loving a woman is wanting to be with her, and Jeff's wanting to be with Marge evidently is a hunger that is never quite satisfied.

"There's never enough time," Jeff sighed.

A pretty sneaky—but touching—way of telling your wife, "I love you."

Marge furnished a sample of how the lovestruck Chandlers hoard their time together by joining us later in his handsomely appointed office on La Cienega Boulevard in Beverly Hills.

As we talked, it became clear that Jeff couldn't ask for a more ardent advocate than Marge. She laughed like a true partisan at his witticisms, listened eagerly and admiringly as Jeff expounded on his philosophy as an independent producer, and rushed to fill in the gaps when Jeff, with characteristic reticence, passed up opportunities to pin roses on himself.

The subject of time kept bobbing up like the secret word on the Groucho Marx show, and while Marge nodded agreement, Jeff informed me:

"We're instituting a lobby in Congress to legislate a 36-hour day so we can have a little more time to work, clear the desk and do a lot of things that are undone at the house."

I asked what Jeff and Marge enjoyed doing on those precious occasions when they did fence off the time to be together.

"We lie in the sun and sleep," he said dreamily. "We go to Palm Springs and lie in the sun. We go to the back yard and lie in the sun. We come to the office and lie in the sun."

Marge laughed, then offered evidence that things are not always horizontal with the sun-worshipping Chandlers.

"We love to browse through hardware stores," she revealed, "and dream of kitchen supplies."

"And dream of the dream house we're going to build," Jeff added. "The rest of the time we think of what we'll do in the next picture."

"Talking of pictures," Jeff declared irrelevantly, "I want to make pictures for kids. Kids like Marilyn Monroe."

It was not unnatural, actually, that picture-making should spill over into Jeff's home life. Universal-International currently has him going in three top flickers, "Away All Boats," "Pillars In The Sky" and "Toy Tiger," and he has himself going in his own production of "Drango." It's this busy schedule that's been crowding into his time with Marge.

Jeff always has been pretty much of a pushover for his daughters, Dana, now



FAMILY man Jeff proudly escorts wife and daughters to premiere of one of his

seven, and Jamie, now nine. I want to know what he'd been doing with his

"He's very helpful with their problems," Marge pointed out approvingly.

It was obvious that Jeff and Marge, this big bond, a deep, joined devotion to their children. They spoke proudly of art projects Dana and Jamie had set themselves, of the way they play the of their ice skating lessons, and of homework.

"I try to draw things for them when they get stuck," admitted Jeff, who to be a commercial artist until he found out that acting was more commercial.

Marge looked at her watch and got to leave. Jeff got up, too, and laid across his desk. They kissed warmly. Their eyes met—affectionately.

"I'll see you later, darling," Marge said and off she went.

Jeff and I kept yakking it up, and that precious commodity, time, was running out again, and Jeff was looking at his watch. He had to pick up his white Cadillac convertible which was in for repair after a minor fender denting on Sunset Boulevard.

I beseeched Jeff to indulge a bit of retrospection and to sum up for me an obvious state of well being. He cleared his throat and obliged.

"All I can do," he said, "is give you a piece of general philosophy. Every day is a series of major and minor contests—the enjoyment, the true enjoyment of each day and the happiness of life come from adjusting to the fact that you win them all."

Spoken like a man with the wisdom to count his blessings, than which there is no happier.

Coming Attractions

continued from page 12

develops, has far greater weaknesses Kerr. In Kerr, he sees the ghostly under of Deborah's first husband. Nor is Ericson able to cope with sensitivity. Fear of what it might reveal of himself. He finally manages to wreck his marriage completely. Deborah, forced to work out Kerr's problem her own womanly way, bars any return to Ericson in her act of proving young Kerr's manliness. Excellent MetroColor adaptation of Bert Anderson's controversial play will leave quite an impression. (MGM.)

Walk The Proud Land

TECHNICOLOR Western about Indian Agent Audie Murphy and his fight to save the San Carlos Indian Reservation from a state of hope, instead of defeat, for the Apaches. Because of his strong faith and loyalty in the Apaches, Murphy makes an impressive amount of friends: Charles Keene, Tommy Rall and Indian widow Neke. On the negative side, is Geronimo who whips up some nasty doings which would be blamed on the San Carlos Indians. In order to keep the record straight, Murphy goes against wife Crowley's wishes and risks his life to bring Geronimo in. Even though Murphy's Apaches are cleared, the Army is still in control of the Reservation. It can't sound like idealist Murphy is left much, but he still has Pat and the determination to keep fighting for the Apaches' right. (Universal-International.)

The Friendly Persuasion

STEAD of just one story, this has as many designs and all the cozy warmth of a DeLuxe Color patchwork quilt. Martin to Quaker leader Dorothy McCreary, Gary Cooper believes strongly that violence is one of the greatest evils. At times passive acceptance isn't the easiest road to take—especially since war between the States has just been declared. While the fighting remains far away, the family can hold firm to its beliefs. But when the Northern troops threaten to take out their farm and perhaps their lives, is peaceful resistance the most effective weapon? The first one to break is Cooper's eldest son, Tony Perkins, who has the youthful passion and indignation so necessary to fight for a cause. Even Dorothy, that staunch pillar of patience, wields a wicked if not deadly weapon to protect, of all things, a mantha, the most diabolical duck that ever waddled across a movie screen. With all the fry Richard Eyer as the youngest member of the Quaker family, this magnificently photographed story is a genuine sight, a welcome retreat and a reminder that gentleness carries untold power. (All Artists.)

END



Tab Hunter

Is My Face Red!

"My worst boo-boos come from talking too much!" says sheepish Tab Hunter.

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Woman Hater Or Free Soul?

continued from page 45

producer Howie Horwitz, one of Monty's most faithful Hollywood friends, many times has told me, "He's very fond of kids, exceptionally so. And they return the compliment. My kids and Kevin McCarthy's kids all love him dearly."

If a man is so enchanted with the children of others, and they so captivated with him, would this not seem to bespeak a yearning for children of his own—a yearning that could be satisfied only by marriage? Isn't this a dead giveaway of a hunger for affection, a hunger for a family, a hunger for the eradication of a gnawing loneliness?

This affinity for youngsters fits in with something else of significance that is known about Monty the mysterious—the pattern of life he chooses to follow. It is in almost every respect the quiet, warm, unpretentious life of a family man—but without one indispensable element, the family. Monty is not a night clubber or a town painter. His New York apartment is geared for living and for fellowship. He eats there, listens to music there, reads there, relaxes there, and entertains there.

"He's just a grand guy," Howie told me. "He's wonderful company. He's good fun to be with. He's very, very intelligent, but he can go from one mood to another. He can sit around in a room with some reasonably good friends; and be intellectual. Or, on the other hand, he can turn around and have a ball."

Is he too busy having a ball to get married? Is that the answer? There is scant evidence that Monty is the type. The pleasures he pursues as a bachelor he could share without compromise as a married man.

Hollywood oracles have been trying to fit the pieces in the Clift jigsaw together

for years without conspicuous success. The effort to conjure up a bona fide Montgomery Clift romance has been one of the standing challenges. No age difference seems too wide to bridge, no incongruity too absurd to overlook in the anxiety to get Monty married off.

For instance, when Monty received flowers from erstwhile torch singer Libby Holman while nursing injuries sustained in the crash, gossip columnists excitedly reported the incident as if it were fraught with romantic meaning. It was fraught with no such thing.

Miss Holman probably would be the first to admit that she is old enough to be Monty's older sister, at least. And although it is true that the two have been seen together frequently in New York, they are as likely a romantic duo as Burt Wagner—the actor, not the mayor—and ZaSu Pitts. As Howie Horwitz points out:

"If you see him out with a woman, it's almost a rule of thumb that if he's in a place where he may be seen by most of us, it's not a romance. Libby Holman is very good friend. He doesn't care what anyone thinks of him and Libby. If he's actually romancing a girl, he sticks to little out-of-the-way places where no one sees him. He has a fetish about keeping his love life to himself."

Oddly enough, this attitude on Monty's part is responsible for the impression that he has a yen for older women. He operates on the naive theory that the evidence of age disparity will prevent anyone from inventing a romance everytime they see him having lunch. But it hasn't worked out that way.

Rumors of a bizarre romance with Greta Garbo were touched off when t

continued on page

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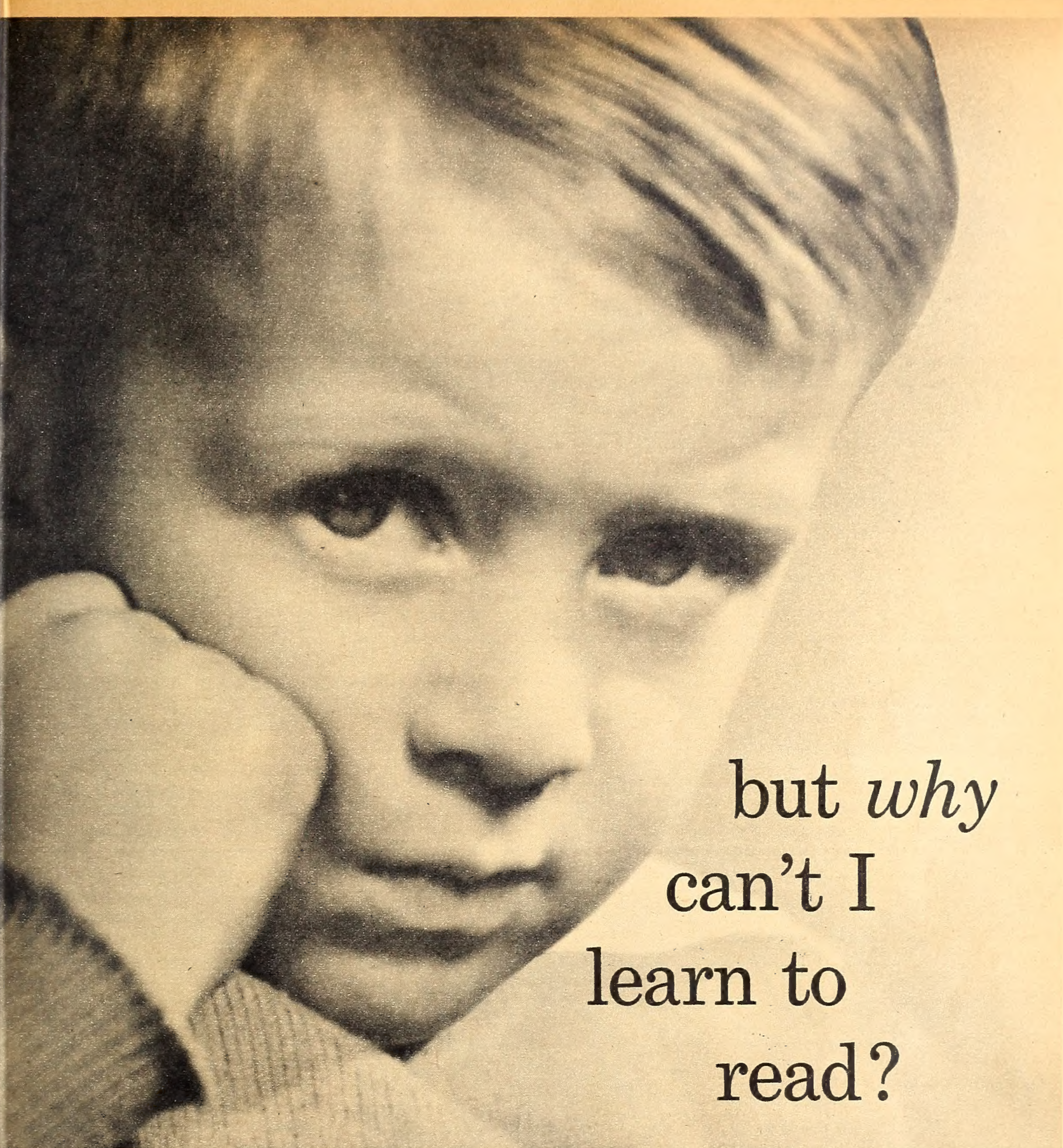
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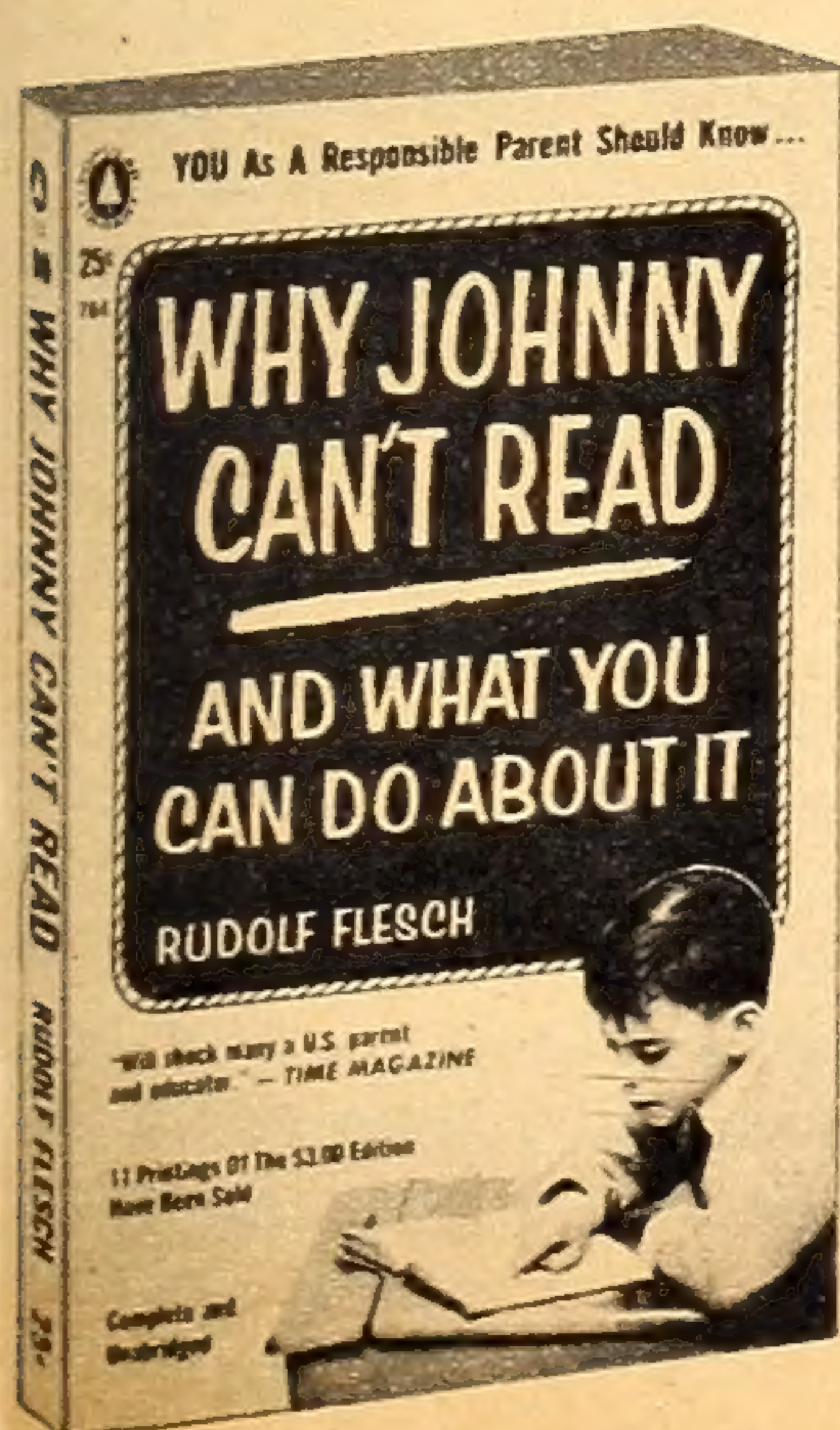
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WOMAN HATER OR FREE SOUL?

continued

Swedish immortal had dinner at his home, and the reports were utterly without foundation, Clift's admiration for Miss Garbo is entirely professional, and similarly while he and Libby Holman are warm friends, this warmth never has come within a thousand tea kettles of boiling over into anything even remotely approximating an intimate relationship.

A classic case in point has been the long-time attempt to read a romance into Clift's friendship with New York drama coach Mira Rostova. Miss Rostova came out to Hollywood to coach Clift for his picture work, and every time he dined with her gossip-hungry columnists tripped over their typewriter ribbons trying to make something clandestine out of their meetings. Some, in their zeal, did not even get her name right. They breathlessly reported his alleged crush on a "Myra Letts." Some said a "Myra White."

Howie spoke with authority about the women with whom Monty Clift is *not* in love. Could it possibly be that Monty had surrendered his heart to one who had not returned this affection, or who was not in a position to return this affection?

"He has no unrequited love," the young producer told me flatly.

That Monty is destined sooner or later to submit to the manacles of matrimony Horwitz does not doubt.

"Some smart cookie's gonna grab him some day," he told me, "but no one's done it yet. A guy like that gets all the gals he wants."

Only a cad or a fool would question that a guy like Monty, as Howie says, can get *all* the gals he wants. But what about the *one* gal he wants? How close is he to getting her?

Monty shrinks from anything that borders on the saccharine. He would cringe at the thought of describing his dream girl, but even a man as charged with integrity—and good taste—as Montgomery Clift, is not free from the biological and spiritual urges his species is heir to, so it is conceivable that he has at least formulated in his mind, if not in words, the kind of a girl he'd like to share his life with.

ONLY once, in an unguarded moment, did Monty sing for publication the praises of a young woman, and she was not fictional. She was Elizabeth Taylor, whom he met when they were co-starred in "A Place In The Sun," and with whom he has a reunion in "Raintree County." In a distinctly un-Cliftlike outburst, he responded in this way when asked if he liked Miss Taylor:

"Any guy would. She's everything a guy could want—beautiful, warm, gay. Yet also sensitive and poignant."

Oddly enough, no one has ever attempted to hint at a romance here, but Monty and Liz have kept their friendship alive

ever since it developed during the screening of the Theodore Dreiser classic. Their friendship has grown deep, but remained utterly unsullied and platonic. Monty has hit it off as well with Liz Taylor's husband, Mike Wilding, as with Liz herself, and both are very fond of him.

When Monty was in Hollywood on a hush-hush visit to consider a picture deal a year ago, he stayed with Liz and Mike. Whenever the Wildings had occasion to visit New York, they always got together with Monty. In all the years they have known each other, however, Monty and Liz have had only one date—when he escorted her to the premiere of "A Place In The Sun," on which Howie Horwitz was assistant producer.

"I was probably instrumental in arranging the date," Howie recalled. "Liz was 17 at the time. I was sort of middleman on it. Everybody at Paramount thought it would be a wonderful idea to get a romance going. They became good friends, but there never was any romance."

Who is to say whether Clift has ever had any misgivings about not having pressed his opportunities at that pre-Nicky Hilton and pre-Michael Wilding phase of Elizabeth Taylor's life? His high regard for Miss Taylor, he himself has put into words. He does not make a habit of tossing posies at women—let alone of discussing them publicly.

Is it possible, then, that what Montgomery Clift is holding out for is a girl with the specifications of a Liz Taylor? Certainly there would be no reason for him to expect of a wife less than the qualities he imputed to Liz—beauty, warmth, gayety, sensitivity and poignancy.

In the final analysis, of course, Montgomery Clift himself will have to decide



THE life Monty leads is almost that of a family man. What then is he holding out for?

on the kind of woman he is to marry, marry he does. He alone will have to decide whether he shall hold out for a ready-made, form-fitting, mood-fitting, ideal-fitting wife, or whether he will have to approach marriage as a do-it-yourself problem which he will be obliged to tackle. Most men must—with the raw materials with such tools and talent for marital life as they may bring to the project, and with a well-placed prayer.

On occasion, Monty has alibied his continued bachelorhood, but his reasons never seemed particularly penetrating.

"Certainly," he said seven years ago, "I want to get married, but I want to make enough money first to be able to keep a wife."

He has subsequently earned enough currency to keep a harem, let alone a wife, but his failure to seek out a preacher can only argue the existence of deeper and more complex considerations.

ON still another occasion, when asked when he planned to marry, Monty replied: "Not until I'm very old."

At the rate he has been going, he might well make good this prophecy.

But an even more interesting clue to the enigma of Montgomery Clift might be found in a statement he once made about acting.

"The most valuable asset an actor can have," he said with conviction, "is the courage to fail."

It is also a law of life that the most valuable asset a man can have in marriage is the courage to fail. No unconditional guarantees are issued with wedding licenses. But if people didn't have the courage, the race would be depleted.

Whatever it is that Monty Clift lacks—the courage to fail, or merely the right girl—evidently is destined to remain a tightly locked secret in his own heart.

There is one possible augury for change in the status quo. Careerwise Monty finally has broken with his long-established pattern. For the first time in his unfettered career, he has submitted to the yoke of a studio pact—a three-picture contract with MGM, beginning with "Raintree County." For the first time in his previously unhurried career, he plans to bicycle from one picture to another. After "Raintree County," he has several more movies lined up.

In the past, his maximum work load has been one picture a year, tapering off as it did following "From Here To Eternity," to a three-year hiatus. Will he, now that he has broken a rigid habit of working, break an equally rigid social habit—abandon his island of bachelorhood surrounded by a sea of married friends?

At the moment, things do not appear to have changed very much—at least on the surface. Eight years ago, Montgomery Clift was voted by a group of New York models as the nation's most eligible bachelor. Thus he remains—one of Hollywood's ranking bachelors, and one of Hollywood's ranking enigmas.

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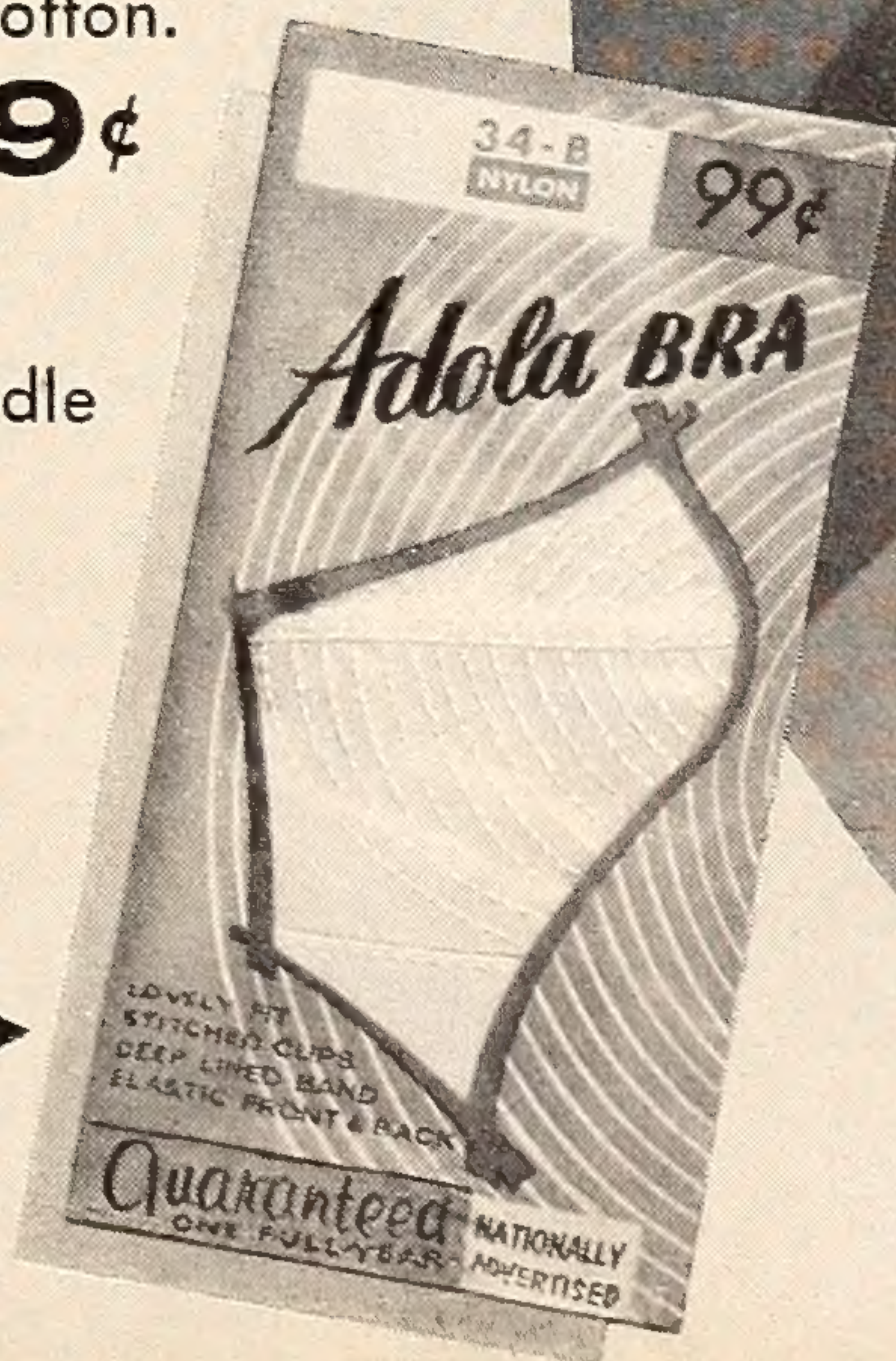
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